September 1970

Huey Newton Interview; Apologies to the Cherokees; On Aging; Ford and La Raza; Hayden–All for Vietnam 75¢

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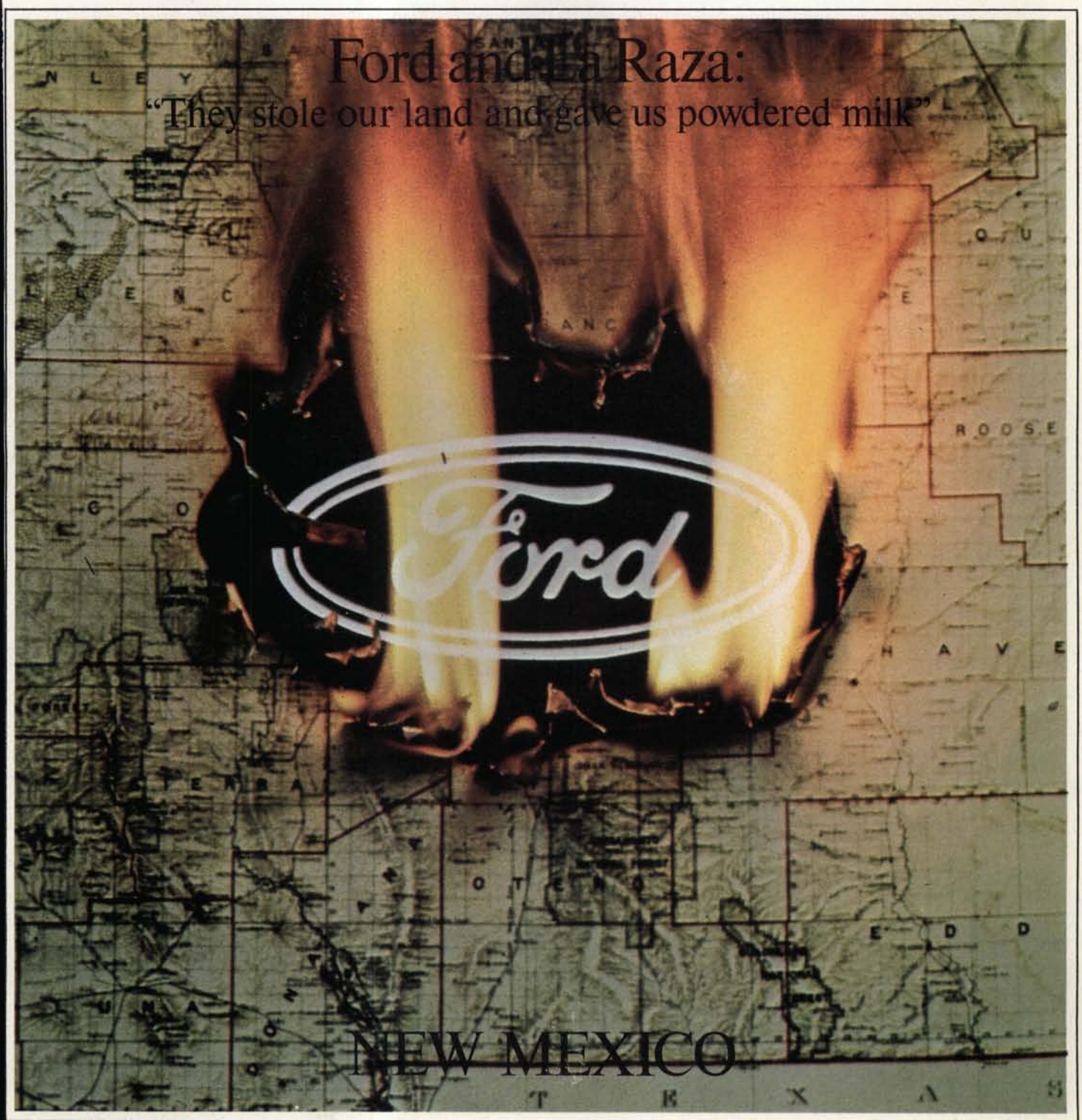

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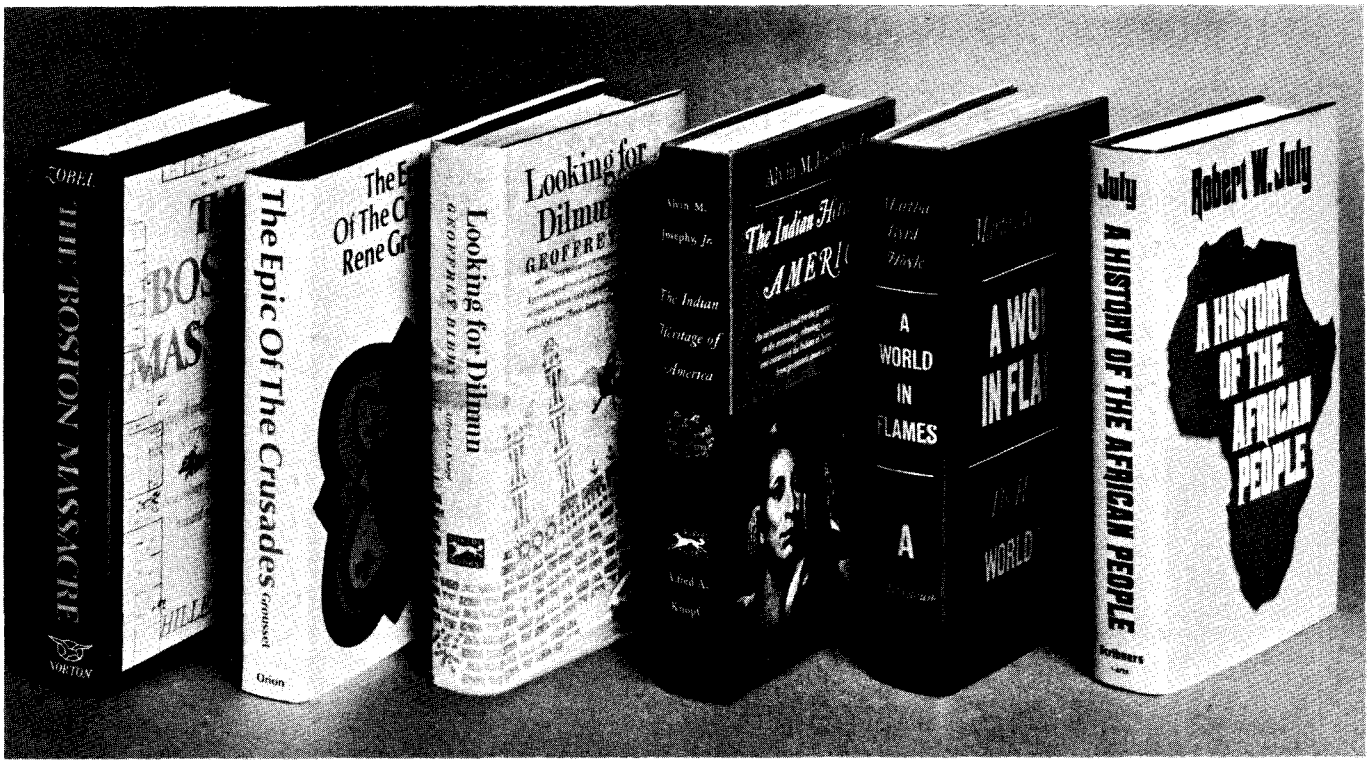

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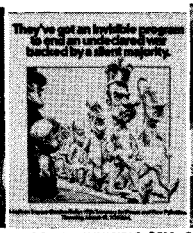

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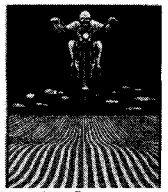

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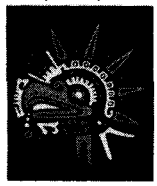

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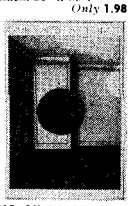

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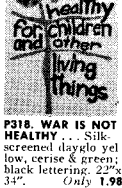

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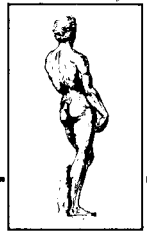

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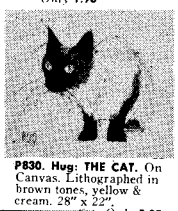

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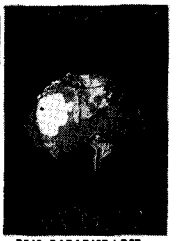

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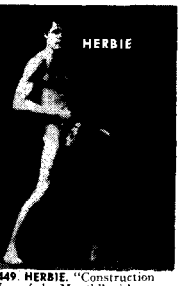

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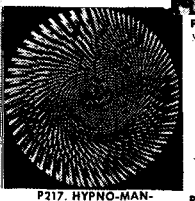

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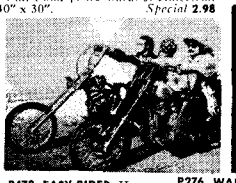

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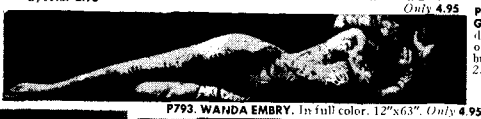

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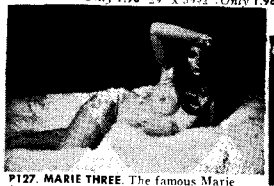

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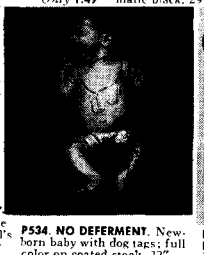

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Huey Newton in Prison: An Interview

THE CAR'S ENGINE WHIRRED as the pine-marked hillsides, looking like small undulate mountains, pushed through the fog to the teal blue sky. A homey-looking sign announced our destination—it proclaimed, "We're just folks too." We turned right into the California Men's Colony, West Facility, at San Luis Obispo, and the tenor of the signs changed immediately. No trespassing on this property. Firearms, drugs, alcohol and barbituates prohibited on these premises. Property of the State of California.

From a distance, the squat yellow building before us appeared innocuous. Up close, it gave an impression of contrived neatness. We parked in the asphalt lot and walked up to the gatehouse. Surprisingly and incongruously, the gatehouse was a combination gift shop, main desk and Checkpoint Charlie. The gifts, made by the inmates, included everything from Benin Bronze (Nigerian sculpture) reproductions to polished semi-precious stone jewelry. We were told that everything was for sale and all proceeds went to the prisoners who made the objects. In the same room I signed in, an officer searched my purse, and I was placed in a frame which registered the amount of metal on me. A call was made and someone was told to bring Huey Newton to a visiting room. I signed in and put the time by my name, 3:15 P.M.

The large, regular, empty visiting room was pointed out to me. Chrome-legged salmon pink chairs sat in rows facing one another. A very public privacy. But I was not to see Huey there. We came to steel-barred doors which buzzed open as we faced them and clanged shut behind us. A man entering through those doors to stay must feel very strongly the impact of that sound. We walked down a short corridor and turned left to face a door. I looked through the window.

Huey was sitting alone, his hands folded on the table in front of him. He looked very calm, expectant. The door was opened. I extended my hand and he shook it with both hands as though we were old friends and had not seen one another for a long time. We sat down. I told him I was happy to see him and asked him how he was. He looked physically strong and well. He asked me what time I had arrived and what paper I was affiliated with. We had one hour to talk and immediately began to discuss reality issues.

BLACK PEOPLE HISTORICALLY have sought equality in the area of civil rights and the Nixon Administration is presently accused of abandoning the goals of this struggle. Huey analyzes the thinking about this problem by stating, "I think it will speed up time by clarifying the situation. A definition to the situation is needed so that black people will know how to respond. The civil rights movement is a continuation of the American Revolution. America's right to determine its destiny was won in 1776. Blacks were slaves then. For the last couple of hundred years, blacks have been attempting to get what whites have, but even if we stretched our imagination at this point it would not be enough. History has changed the conditions. There existed at that time democratic capitalism. Men could compete under a system of free enterprise with the next fellow. You could reap the benefits of labor. There was much free land. The economy was not mature; it did not have monopolies. This is not true now. The economy is over-expanded. There is no longer democratic capitalism—only monopoly. Whites are no longer free to compete. Blacks were never free to compete. This is what is inherently wrong with the civil rights movement. It is philosophically wrong because it is out of touch with reality."

Huey's analysis of the civil rights movement led to the question, what should be the direction of the black man today? Huey defines the direction as a new one. "With all our efforts of working through traditional means exhausted, we are looking now for a new creative approach. This in itself is a revolutionary, creative experience. . . Masses of blacks are beginning to understand that in order for us to be free we must think in some kind of collective philosophy. In order to share in the wealth of the country, we will demand proportional representation in a collective or a socialist system. The reason people are going to demand this is that we see ideas of black capitalism absurd in the context of our over-expanded economy. It's over-expanded and few are investing in this country any longer. That's why we have imperialism—the profits taken from many other countries. They have expanded in Latin America, Africa and South Africa. It's absurd to compete through Black Capitalism.

"The one solution to this problem is for companies to be

by Joy Johnson

Illustration by Al Mitchell

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nationalized and become national enterprises such as the Post Office. People will elect managers and economists to run them. Blacks want proportional representation within them. That is, on a national level. Things must be owned in common. On a local level we realize that achieving a socialist system does not mean we would wipe out racism. Because we cannot wipe it out right away, we demand exclusive control of institutions in local communities: city government, economic enterprises, and housing, which must be collectively owned and locally controlled. Other ethnic groups could live in black communities and would be treated like American citizens. Any American should be allowed to move from community to community across the country."

HUEY HAS BEEN DEPICTED as a violent man. Violence, whatever this term has come to mean, is one impression that Huey does not give in reality. Just the reverse—gentleness is the appropriate description.

I asked Huey the role of tactical disruption in the struggle. He answered, "When all peaceful means are exhausted, history shows people will use other means to achieve their goals, will use those means that prove effective. The established order has a history of condoning means . . . that are calculated to change nothing. The Establishment wants the answer to the question, 'Are you going to disturb us?' They want the right to exploit and brutalize with immunity. They want victims to say, 'We won't use self-defense.' But we can't give that assurance to the Establishment.

"My position is I'm absolutely against violence. Violence indicates aggression. I am for self-defense. Self-defense is a declaration against violence. Violence can be inflicted in many ways. The epitome of violence is the vicious service revolver of the police on the local level, and the rifle of the military on the national and international level. Violence comes in many forms. To deprive children of food is a manifestation of violence. To deprive our people of necessary housing is another. To deprive us of full employment is a violent action. In short, we will defend ourselves against the violent system so that violence will end . . . Repression is on the rise for sure. The country is going further and further to the right, toward fascism. At the same time, many people are becoming socially and politically aware because repression breeds resistance. Conflicts always lead to change. We want to make sure it is a change for the better. We can only do this by politically educating our people."

Many segments of the black community have severed all relationships with whites except those based on necessity. Huey says, "Whites must work in their own communities. Blacks and whites will form coalitions on specific issues which affect both of us in a common way. Blacks must have absolute control of our communities. We can't leave decisions regarding our lives to white people any longer. We have been betrayed too many times."

Huey is presently writing a book to be used as a guideline for new social forms. It draws its material from the American experience. Huey defines his book as ". . . program-oriented as opposed to an historical approach. What's lacking in the Movement is a program. We have many facts but we have no viable patterns to understand the facts in order to change the conditions. Once we have a program we will not duplicate. It seems we learn nothing from history. Any time we struggle 200 years trying to obtain the same goals, this means someone is not understanding something."

THROUGHOUT THE INTERVIEW Huey talked very infrequently about himself. He is being held incommunicado and spends 21 hours out of the day alone in his cell. He is being punished for refusing to work in the prison shops for less than the legal minimum wage. Prison wages currently average less than 15 cents an hour. Prisoners who talk with him endanger their paroles. Yet he feels his consciousness broadening as a result of his prison experience. He discusses some aspects of the penal system.

"I have a way of operating. I believe we must arrive at an ideology by observing and analyzing from reality. Instead of trying to fit reality into ideology, we must derive ideology from reality. After we get a set of facts we must set up a program to deal with the problems. That's where I am now. As soon as I'm released we will work to expand bus services for the parents of prisoners. Relatives, loved ones and friends are not able to see inmates because of expense. So we will have a free bus. Visitors will be notified of point of departure and the bus will go to various prisons in California every week; later, throughout the country. Prisoners suffer because they are isolated and are abused by the authorities.

"For example, take the murders at Soledad. I don't believe that would have happened if there had been an organized group of people outside who care. After they murdered three blacks, they covered their treachery by accusing three other blacks of murdering a guard. Without public awareness they will send the three to the gas chamber, especially George Jackson, who is what is referred to in the penal system as a special case. He is a political prisoner. He came to prison at 18 for burglary on a sentence of one year-to-life. The institution kept him so long they turned him into a political prisoner. He had time to educate himself, become politically and socially conscious. They are afraid to let him go now because he is dangerous. He is able to articulate their perfidy—and of course they don't want to be exposed, so they keep him. If he is convicted he gets a death sentence without a penalty phase . . . this is automatic if a lifer sheds someone's blood. We will work hard to see that George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette are freed."

I asked Huey what would be done regarding Bobby and Eldridge. He said, "There will be a national and international rally for Bobby's release. We are not only political prisoners but also prisoners of war. Because we are prisoners of war we have the right to approach the United Nations for consideration. We will also ask the UN to permit Eldridge Cleaver back into the country under diplomatic immunity until the UN decides what is to be done about the general plight of black people in America."

At 4:15 P.M. the door opened and we were informed our visit was ended. We had hoped we could talk longer but again we were faced with prison discipline. We shook hands and the iron bars again slammed at my back.

Joy Johnson, a resident of Berkeley, plans to enter law school. She has been active in the civil rights movement.

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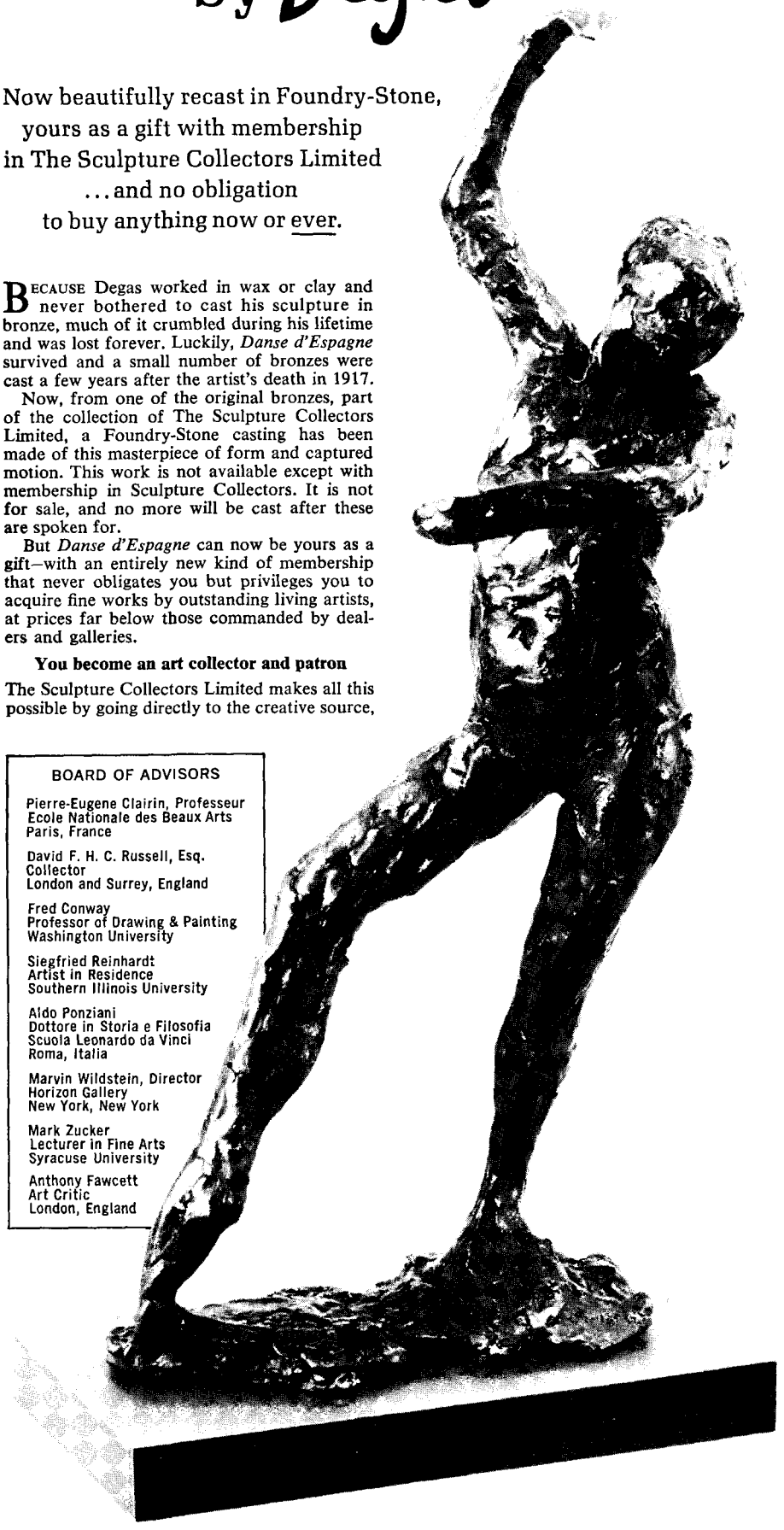

BECAUSE Degas worked in wax or clay and never bothered to cast his sculpture in bronze, much of it crumbled during his lifetime and was lost forever. Luckily, *Danse d'Espagne* survived and a small number of bronzes were cast a few years after the artist's death in 1917.

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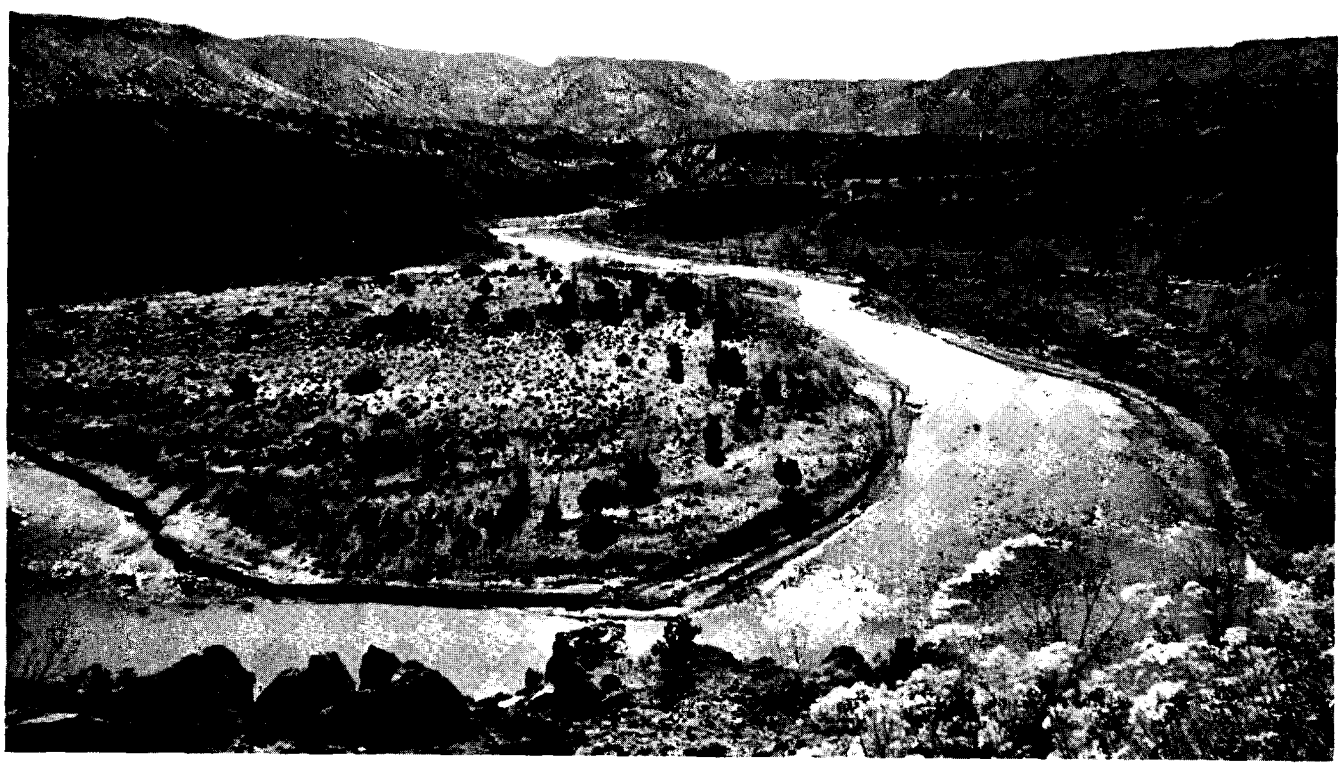
Ford and La Raza:

"They stole our land and gave us powdered milk"

"We're going to show these people like Reies Tijerina, we're going to show these advocates of violence, that Ford has a better way."
—Boudinot P. Atterbury of the Ford Foundation

WHEN THE INVADING ARMIES entered New Mexico in 1846, U.S. General Stephen Kearny grandly announced to the natives, "I come among you for your benefit, not your injury."

Now, more than 100 years later—in the wake of the assault of Reies Tijerina and forces of La Raza against Anglo colonials in the celebrated 1967 Tierra Amarilla "courthouse raid"—there has been a new invasion of the Southwest. This time it is the Ford Foundation, not the U.S. Army, and it is backed by dollars, not soldiers. But the intent is the same as it has always been: to "benefit" the natives—this time with a pacification program aimed at heading off the new militancy, creating a poverty-foundation complex, and building up a "safe" leadership for La Raza akin to the NAACP



El Grito

by Rees Lloyd and Peter Montague

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or the Urban League. Ford's single largest investment has been a $1.5 million loan to establish a huge cattle feedlot in La Jara, Colorado. But after this multi-million dollar business was created, it was surreptitiously handed over to the brother-in-law of the same Ford executive who had publicly announced the feedlot as an example of the Foundation's bounty.

This is a major scandal that has been covered up. As a result, the Anglo benefactors get good publicity, while the poor, as usual, get nothing.

[1]

IN NEW MEXICO, only the people are poor; the land is rich. It contains a wealth of resources and in the north possesses a beauty and rhythm found in few other places. The land in the north has been the focus of a resistance movement which has persisted for more than a century since the U.S. invasion. The land and the communal way of life it once supported remain the essence of this struggle, which has never ended.

"Why do they say the land was conquered? The land was never conquered; it was only *occupied*," said Jose Madril of Velarde, New Mexico. "They must mean something different when they say 'conquered.' I don't know, it's that language [English]. It really has no value. But this land, it's never been 'conquered.' No. Only occupied—the land still belongs to the people. And my people, *mi Raza*—they have never conquered my people."

Jose Madril is one of those who rose at Tierra Amarilla on June 5, 1967, and went to the courthouse to make a citizen's arrest of District Attorney Alfonso Sanchez, then the most visible engineer of police repression against the landgrant movement led by Reies Lopez Tijerina.

Madril, now an editor of El Grito del Norte ("The Cry of the North"), the Raza movement paper in the north, is one of the eight Alianza defendants who still face charges in connection with the Tierra Amarilla incident. All eight—Juan Valdez, Baltazar Martinez, Geronimo Borunda, Tobias Leyba, Moises Morales, Salomon Velazquez, Esequiel Dominguez and Madril—are poor, and Raza, and heirs to the land under ancient Spanish landgrants supposedly protected by the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo which ended the so-called Mexican-American War. "That language, I told you, it has no value," said Madril.

What the armies of the U.S. gained with the gun, the government attempted to control by importing a legal and economic system, value system and educational system. It attempted to wipe out a people's culture, history, heritage and language, while it swallowed up their land.

THE COLONY WHICH the government ruled was huge: New Mexico, fifth largest state, sprawls across 78 million acres. Of these, 27 million (34.6 per cent) are held in the name of the United States government, and another 10 million (12.5 per cent) in the name of the State of New Mexico. Anglo mining, oil, ranching and speculative interests have ripped off most of the rest. Indians now hold only 7,313,600 acres (9.4 per cent). And the people of the north, La Raza, have little left. They have been forced into the cities or migrant labor, poor jobs, no jobs at all. In Rio Arriba County, where Tierra Amarilla is the county seat, the original landgrant covers just under 595,000 acres; an estimated 80 per cent of the people are Raza and more than 50 per cent of them today have incomes of less than $2000 a year.

"To understand it," says Jose Madril, "you have to be able to look at it with Raza eyes, with a Raza heart. Anglo eyes, an Anglo heart, they don't see things the way we do, they don't see what the land means to the people. It's like the *viejo* [old man] said in El Grito: 'The land is our mother. If we lose the land we are orphans. Where will we go?' "

To the Anglo-Americans, the land was perceived as *property,* as real estate to be exploited. Last year, New Mexico's oil industry, which is based in the southern part of the state, extracted $632 million from the land. In all, New Mexico's extractive interests reaped nearly a billion dollars in 1969 alone. The timber industry cut 154 million board-feet from the forests in 1969, almost all of it in areas held by the U.S. Forest Service, the chief official agent of the occupation.

Robert O. Anderson bases his huge Atlantic-Richfield Oil Co. (ARCO) in Rosewell, in southern New Mexico (the area known as "Little Texas" for its overt racism, where signs reading "No Dogs or Mexicans Allowed" used to be found). Though Anderson's tentacles reach deep into Latin America and the Alaskan slope, his crews are at this very moment busy in the government forests in the north of New Mexico looking for more treasure, while the rangers of the Forest Service—"crackers" all—stand guard to keep the people away from their land. Tourists, of course, are welcomed with a smile. Mr. Anderson no doubt also accepted with a smile his appointment this year by President Nixon to the National Council on the Humanities and the National Advisory Commission on Pollution.

IT IS A POLITICAL TRUISM that an effective imperialist power will substitute the psychological control of its institutions for the physical control of its armies, but that when the psychological control falters, the gun is always ready. When the bonds of colonial psychology were snapped on June 5, 1967, at Tierra Amarilla, the National Guard of New Mexico invaded the north with troops, bayonets and bullets, tanks and even helicopters. The families of *Alianzistas* were herded into a barbed-wire corral at the home of Tobias Leyba in Canjilon and held there under guard. The indignities were great. Suspected Alianzistas were dragged from their homes. All benevolent pretense concerning the "natives" was dropped. When the National Guard finally put out food (C-rations) for the people it had penned up, the food remained untouched, sitting in the rain when the people refused to take it. "I was very proud of *mi Raza* that day," says Jose Madril, whose wife, two children and infant daughter were held in the pen and refused to eat the food of the foreign army.

Although the U.S. Civil Rights Commission recently admitted in its timid way that overt political police repression of the Alianza had "culminated" in the Tierra Amarilla courthouse incident, the leader, Reies Lopez Tijerina, has been a political prisoner for more than a year.

Tijerina was charged by the State of New Mexico with over 150 separate crimes stemming from the single courthouse incident. In December 1968, Tijerina—brilliantly con-

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ducting his own defense—was found innocent of the first three charges brought by the State, including kidnapping, then a capital crime. The State brought three more charges against Tijerina to trial last October, and finally won a conviction on two of the charges, though the jury strangely amended their verdict to say they really believed Tijerina was "like a man guilty of going through a red light taking his wife to the hospital to have a baby"—morally right but technically guilty. The State admitted privately that it would try Tijerina on three charges at a time until he was finally locked up. After the second trial, he was sentenced to one-to-five years on one charge, and two-to-ten years on another. The case is on appeal.

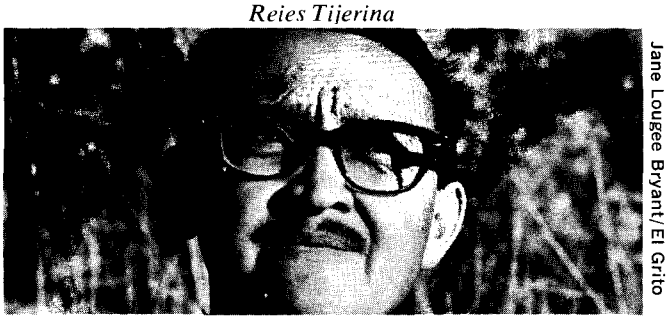
BUT BEFORE THE STATE ever won a conviction, the federal government had already put Tijerina away. In 1966, the Alianza had moved on part of the Forest Service's Echo Amphitheatre Park, which occupies the San Joaquin Landgrant. They declared it the Free City State of San Joaquin in an attempt to force the courts and the Congress to face the issue of the landgrants, the treaty which was supposed to protect them, and the claims of the people to the lands. Two forest rangers, both of whom were known to the angry crowd, were given a mock trial, found guilty of trespassing, and released. The mock trial was more than anything else a move by the leadership to alleviate the tension and to preserve the rangers' health and safety. Neither man was brutalized in any way, nor injured, nor even struck. Nevertheless Tijerina and four others were convicted of assault on federal officers, and Tijerina drew a two-year sentence. The presiding judge at the trial, U.S. District Judge Howard Bratton, characterized Tijerina as "the leader of a mob" in imposing sentence. Tijerina was still free pending his appeal, but in June 1969 a similar incident at Coyote in northern New Mexico served as a pretext for the federal government to revoke Tijerina's bond on the 1966 conviction.

As the anniversary of the "courthouse raid" approached, Tijerina had called for a four-day gathering at Coyote. Alianza supporters arrived from around the country, while Tijerina flew off to Washington to preface the Coyote meeting with a "citizen's arrest" attempt on Warren E. Burger, then being sworn in as Nixon's Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Arrest warrant in hand, charging Burger with judicial violation of civil rights (a felony), Tijerina waited outside the barred chamber doors as Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi led Burger away down a deserted back hall. Tijerina filed the warrant with the clerk of the court and departed.

National publicity followed, and though Tijerina's citizen's arrest tactic has been denounced by the media in New Mexico as sham, in reality the tactic has had no small effect. "You see," Tijerina used to say, "the government is very powerful, very powerful, like a lion. And we are like a little cricket, that's all. The lion, he's big and powerful, but the cricket, he sneaks up and gives him a little tickle, then another, and another. What can the cricket do against the lion? The lion is so big and strong, he has so many weapons. But the cricket," Tijerina would say, his voice dropping almost to a whisper as he leaned forward intently, "maybe one day the cricket will just . . . walk . . . into the big . . . lion's . . . ear . . . and . . . TICKLE HIM TO DEATH!"

Henry Wilhelm

Reies Tijerina



Jane Lougee Bryant/El Grito

Jose Madril

El Grito

Tobias Leyba *Baltazar Martinez*

THE CITIZEN'S ARREST provisions of the United States common law have long been recognized as valid, but no one before Tijerina had used them as a political weapon against the police and judicial oppression. At the gathering in Coyote, Tijerina led a caravan to Los Alamos, birthplace of the atom bomb, to place the Atomic Energy Commission's Dr. Norris Bradbury under citizen's arrest for "crimes against humanity." Bradbury did not respond to a knock on his door; Tijerina left the warrant there, and his group, followed and monitored by a caravan of State Police, departed. The following day, Tijerina led his caravan in pursuit of New Mexico's Governor David F. Cargo for arrest on similar charges. A government plane whisked the governor away from a barbecue and deposited him at a secret destination. On June 8, Patsy Tijerina, Reies's wife, set fire to two U.S. Forest Service signs in the north—one at Coyote, one at Gallina—announcing to the press that the burning was "a symbolic act of protest against the occupation of the people's lands." State Police watched as the signs went up in flames. Then a band of armed rangers descended on the unarmed crowd—led by James Evans, the

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Forest Service's chief of law enforcement, packing a special World War II automatic carbine with a 30-bullet clip.

Evans, ignoring Patsy, who was arrested later almost as an afterthought, went straight for Reies. "I wanted to shoot the sonofabitch," Evans told fellow officers in Albuquerque later. Tijerina was arrested June 8 and jailed on June 11 on the previous charge, his bond having been revoked. On June 18, a bond revocation hearing was held at which time affidavits, signed by two witnesses, were introduced, stating that an undercover agent for the State Police, Jack Johnson, attempted to "assassinate" Tijerina, but that Johnson's gun misfired twice. Johnson denied this but testified in court that should the opportunity arise, he would suffer no remorse in killing Tijerina. Another State Police undercover agent, Robert Gilliland, testified, "If I had been at Tierra Amarilla . . . I would have shot him . . . Yes, I hate him." Gilliland is the man the New Mexico State Police have assigned to investigate the bombings and shootings at the Alianza headquarters, where Tijerina lives.

Tijerina, Patsy and six others were arraigned for destroying government property and assaulting a government officer (Evans). The next day, released on his own recognizance since he already had more than $42,000 in bonds outstanding on other charges, Tijerina announced that Evans had 24 hours to leave New Mexico or he would face citizen's arrest for violating the civil rights of the people at Coyote. Tijerina read the provisions of the law which grant the use of arms to citizens who are making a citizen's arrest. He said Evans could be shot if he resisted arrest and cited the law, chapter and verse.

When the 24 hours elapsed, the arrest party went out. At the heavily guarded home of Evans (who was hiding out in a motel), the spotlights of the police flashed over riot-gun barrels and caught the advancing Alianzistas in the light. Wilfredo Sedillo, vice president of the Alianza, inquired as to Evans's whereabouts, saying the party had come to arrest him. The police said he wasn't there. Sedillo tacked the warrant to Evans's door and left.

Tijerina wasn't even there; he had gone for a ride. Yet the incident served as a pretext for the revocation of his bond and Tijerina was sent to jail on June 11, 1969. On the very same day the Ford Foundation announced its $1.5 million feedlot loan to benefit the poor of northern New Mexico, the same people who are the strength and numbers of the land-grant movement and the Alianza.

[II]

THIS WAS NOT FORD'S first initiative in New Mexico. The way had been paved for some time. The government had developed its own acronymic "AID" pacification through the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) with its Community Action Program (CAP) and the Home Education Livelihood Program (HELP), a statewide agency funded by OEO and sponsored by the New Mexico Council of Churches to assist migrant and seasonally employed farmworkers.

Tijerina's activities did not make pacification easy. "They took your land and gave you powdered milk," he roared. As Tijerina's strength continued to grow, the screws of the police repression machine were tightened. OEO, CAP and HELP staff collected information on what was happening with the Alianza, information which found its way to the police. Police and government agents were everywhere; files were bulging in the attorney general's office, the state OEO, the district attorney's office. The director of the State Archives in the Colony of New Mexico admits that she regularly turned over to the attorney general the names of suspected Alianzistas who came in to study the landgrant records.

Into this situation stepped Ford. According to one well-placed Ford man: "Ford's first direct contact in New Mexico was in the spring of 1967. The key [Ford] man here was Bill Watts, who was active head of the Office of Government and Law. Ford was very anxious even at that point to build some reasonable alternative to Tijerina and the Alianza. Within a month after the raid [sic] at Tierra Amarilla, a team was dispatched to New Mexico. Their purpose was to create as quickly as possible a leadership structure alternative to Tijerina.

"Actually, the team had two objectives: The first was to divert attention from Tijerina and the land question by creating an alternative leader, someone to whom they could point as a spokesman for the Mexican-Americans in New Mexico. The HELP program was existent, under the direction of Alex Mercure, so Ford decided to make Mercure that leader. A few months after the team was sent to New Mexico, Ford approved a $453,450 R&D [research and development] front to HELP as part of the program to knock out Tijerina and create this alternative leadership structure."

After Ford's initial $453,450 grant, OEO stepped up its grants to HELP. Alex Mercure became known as "The Empire Builder" among his poverty program colleagues and was named to national commissions, advisory boards and panels as a "Mexican-American leader." When Congress called hearings after the Tierra Amarilla incident to find out why it had happened, it called Mercure to testify, not Tijerina or the Alianzistas. At the same time, Ford and the government were increasing their funds for HELP's migrant work. Orders went out to the HELP staff to avoid the subject of Cesar Chavez and the farmworkers' strike, the *huelga* in California. The budget of Mercure's HELP program fattened to nearly $3 million by 1969.

FORD'S FUNDING OF HELP and its involvement in New Mexico was hardly a matter of treading upon political toes. The political establishment in the colony was all behind it. Governor David F. Cargo, a Republican, reached out with open arms, and his predecessor, former (Democratic) Governor Jack Campbell, who at one time had worked for the FBI, took time out to write a "Dear Bill" letter to Watts which, according to the Ford man already quoted, "was fairly explicit in encouraging Watts to bring Ford into New Mexico to put down Tijerina." Campbell now holds a "half-time" job at $15,000 a year as director of the Institute for Social Research and Development at the University of New Mexico, which is in charge of the University's "poverty work." Watts is no longer with Ford; at last report he was working as staff secretary of the National Security Council in the Nixon Administration under Henry Kissinger, an old personal friend of Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy.

Ford's benevolent involvement in New Mexico did not,

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George Ballis

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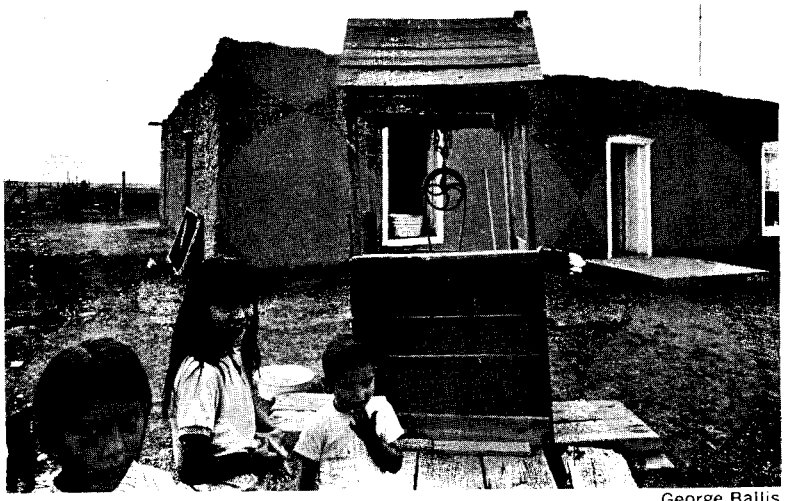

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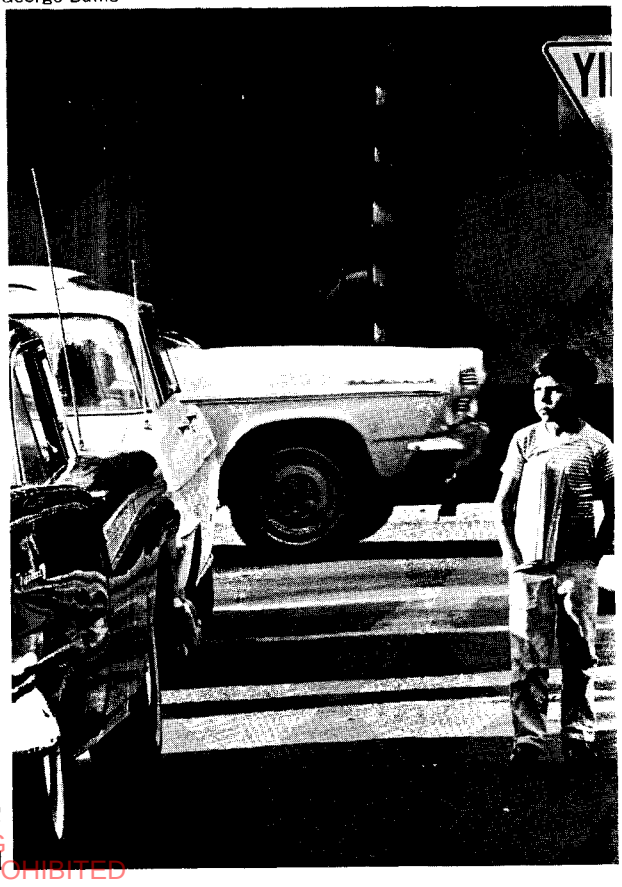

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however, draw universal applause. Gilberto Ballejos, editor of El Papel, the Raza movement paper in Albuquerque, denounced Ford's move in the beginning as "Ford's political Edsel. They're trying to create *Vendido* Power (Sellout Power), *Lame* Power (Ass-kisser Power), and they want the poor Raza to pay the price . . . It's Bundy's bullshit, he's trying to bring Vietnam to New Mexico and trying to create 'leaders' the system can use as tools. But it hasn't worked with the Vietnamese and it's not going to work with Raza here in the United States."

Ford did not confine itself to the northern New Mexico area. In the fall of 1967, Ford moved, under a $21,830 grant, to bring together a select group of Mexican-Americans at a meeting in Los Angeles. Out of that gathering eventually came the Southwest Council of La Raza, designed as an umbrella organization covering the Southwest, funded by Ford to the tune of $630,000 in February 1968. The Council's first executive director was Herman Gallegos, who resigned his job as a Ford Foundation consultant to accept the new position. Alex Mercure was immediately appointed to the Council's Board of Directors.

In Texas, Ford invested $2.2 million to establish the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund, generally known as MALD. Patterned after the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, MALD was intended by Ford to be Southwest-wide, and perhaps national, in scope. In New Mexico at least, MALD has been conspicuously absent from the more controversial issues. One of its first acts was to deny legal assistance to the eight impoverished Tierra Amarilla defendants.

Among Ford's other investments in Texas was the funding of the Mexican-American Unity Council in San Antonio, which in turn financed the small ($8527) budget of the Mexican-American Youth Organization. MAYO's existence has been anathema to the political establishment and especially to Congressman Henry B. Gonzales [D-Tex.], who attacked it and the Ford Foundation on the floor of Congress last year.

Ironically, Gonzales's attack on Ford for funding "militants" provided the best articulation to date of the reasons Ford had provided $630,000 for the Southwest Council of La Raza (Congressional Record, April 16, 1969, p. H2734): "One thing that surprised the Ford analysts was that the Mexican-American population had no effective national organization; there was no equivalent of the NAACP or the Urban League. . . . The foundation concluded that one prime requisite for progress was national organization and national leadership; such an organization would define goals toward which the whole group could aspire, and could coordinate the efforts of all groups toward those national goals." The Southwest Council of La Raza, said Gonzales, "would be the new national leadership organization."

Gonzales's attack on MAYO and Ford, which was widely publicized, lent Ford an image of embattled liberalism at the same time as it provided Ford with an opportunity to withdraw its miniscule funds from MAYO, which had developed a militant momentum of its own and was therefore not a valuable investment for Ford.

McGeorge Bundy himself clarified what business Ford was in when he personally announced, on March 16, 1970, that the Ford Foundation had funded the Southwest Council of La Raza—at $1.3 million—for another two years. Bundy said that while the "council's leaders" had encountered great problems, still they had succeeded in creating "a visible organization with a sense of permanence and stability" and had ". . . taken the first steps toward converting the long pent-up anger and frustration of its people, ever in danger of explosion and violence, into beneficial programming and planning. We are glad to assist in this pioneering effort to provide constructive direction to the growing energy and momentum of the Mexican-American movement."

IT WAS BUNDY—formerly Special Assistant for National Security under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, a major architect of the Vietnam pacification program and the Bay of Pigs Invasion, and now President of the Ford Foundation—who had brought about the coupling of government and foundation efforts at pacification. Under Bundy, wrote The New York Times on September 23, 1968, the Ford Foundation "has come to see itself . . . increasingly as an agent for the resolution of civil conflict." In the same month, Ford announced "a major policy shift"; it would, the Times reported, "place part of its investment portfolio in ventures aiding the poor and minority groups and land conservation rather than enterprises offering greater financial return."

The model of Ford's "constructive direction" is the multimillion dollar cattle feedlot which Ford set up in La Jara, Colorado, with satellite feedlots to be built in northern New Mexico. The feedlot sprawls across 200 acres, with 120 feeding pens capable of accommodating 15,000 cattle. It contains an ultra-sophisticated push-button feed-mixing mill, whose superstructure and three large silos rise before the gleaming new offices which Ford has built for the management, headed by Claude Lowry, an Anglo cattle trader from New Mexico. Decked out in cowboy attire, Lowry is short, balding, and pleasant in the style of Southwest colonial gringoism. Outside his carpeted office at La Jara, the sun glints off the shiny new mixing mill and the small red-and-white single-engine plane tied down nearby. "Yupf," Lowry snuffs at a visitor, "we got a landing strip." Lowry is the brother-in-law of Boudinot P. Atterbury, the same Ford Foundation executive who arranged the benevolent enterprise.

Dr. Manuel Ferran, head of research and development with the HELP program, was the man principally responsible for the design of the feedlot, which was planned as a $4 million operation, with Ford's $1.5 million serving as the financial backbone. Ferran had conducted more than a year's work on feasibility studies for the feedlot project. Ferran—who incidentally had been an employee of the CIA in the Dominican Republic before becoming Mercure's right-hand man in the New Mexico HELP program—saw the fruits of his work appropriated by Ford.

THE PEOPLE IN LA JARA, Colorado, as in northern New Mexico, are poor and mainly Raza. The border between northern New Mexico and southern Colorado is arbitrary, a white man's demarcation. Part of the Tierra Amarilla Landgrant straddles the line, and the Conejos Landgrant begins where the other ends.

The economy in the San Luis Valley, as in the mountains of the north, is controlled by Anglos, with the difference

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that many of those in the valley are Mormons, who have raised racism to the position of religious doctrine. But it was the existence of the poverty in the valley and the mountains of the north—official "hunger counties" all—that provided the justification for building the feedlot.

"I guess it all really began," said a rancher expressing the consensus view of valley inhabitants, "with this meeting they had here in a tavern in La Jara. The way I hear it, Claude Lowry was there with his brother-in-law, fella named Atterbury from the Ford Foundation. Claude Lowry had the good luck to marry his [Atterbury's] sister. Anyway, they say they were in this tavern—Lowry, Atterbury, Harry Immel (he runs a slaughterhouse out at the feedlot), Myron Peterson; lemme see, I guess that's all—anyway, they were in this tavern having a drink and they say Claude Lowry was talking to his brother-in-law about setting up a feedlot. Well, they say after a while Myron Peterson just pointed a finger at Atterbury and said: 'Why don't you get the money for us?' Well, from what I hear, Atterbury just said 'Okay,' he'd try, and that was that . . ."

Of course it was not that simple; private and public interests had to come together before so neat and expensive a deal could be culminated. After the take-over at Echo Amphitheatre and the raising of the flag of the Free City State of San Joaquin, and Tijerina's conviction, the landgrant movement of the Alianza had continued to gain momentum . . .

[III]

IT WAS UNDER BUNDY'S new flag of "aiding the poor" and reaping a "high social yield" from financial investments that Boudinot P. Atterbury of the Ford Foundation flew into Albuquerque and announced a $1.5 million grant for the feedlot in La Jara on the day that Tijerina was sent to prison. Blond and blue-eyed, tailored in corporate dress, Atterbury sat in the office of Albuquerque attorney John Eastham, Ford's legal counsel in New Mexico, together with Frank Martinez, HELP's legal counsel, and Dr. Ferran. To a reporter from the Albuquerque Journal, Atterbury gave glowing and unequivocal assurances that the small, poor, struggling ranchers and farmers of the north would be the most direct beneficiaries because Ford's $1.5 million investment would go, Atterbury said, to "the South-Southwestern Producers Cooperative," which was to be a cooperative comprising essentially the same small, poor ranchers and farmers. As Atterbury himself stressed, "The important thing, in the Ford Foundation's viewpoint, is the integration of the urban and rural, the haves and the have-nots, and the cultures, in a common economic effort. . . . If it succeeds, it could be magnificent."

Atterbury also drew attention to the "bi-culturalism" of the project, praising his brother-in-law Lowry and Ford protegé Mercure as "the two key men [who] represent the bi-culturalism." And, Atterbury added sharply, eyebrows arched, "We're going to show these people like Reies Tijerina, we're going to show these advocates of violence, that Ford has a better way."

Following Atterbury's announcement in Albuquerque, the foundation's headquarters in New York released statements to the national media concerning the New Mexico project and a similar project for blacks in Mississippi, calling them ". . . a new approach to the problem of poverty in rural America."

HOWEVER, ACCORDING TO a special report made for the OEO, a little less than a month after Atterbury's announcement in Albuquerque and Ford's in New York a separate corporation was quietly established in Colorado—again, by Atterbury's brother-in-law, Lowry—and *it* became the sole recipient of Ford's bounty. HELP was squeezed out. The South-Southwestern Producers Cooperative never materialized.

Though the fiction of Ford's feedlot has been carefully maintained by HELP, HELP was aware even when Atterbury came to town with Ford's announcement on June 1 that something was amiss in La Jara. But while Tijerina was being locked away, Ferran and Atterbury worked out their differences in an agreeable deal, according to the OEO report, wherein HELP would be "solely" responsible for the project and receive Ford's funds. "Unfortunately, Ford Foundation officials subsequently overlooked all the points of this informal agreement, when more pressure was applied at a meeting July 3," the report says. ". . . Mr. Lowry contacted his brother-in-law . . . apparently he convinced Mr. Atterbury that Mr. Ferran was a HELP 'plant' involved in the project for the purpose of eroding Mr. Lowry's authority. Mr. Lowry and Mr. Atterbury then made the decision to set up a new Colorado corporation, with the intention of freezing out HELP."

The OEO report also described the arrival, on July 9, 1969, of two more Ford officials, Richard Brooke and David Shulte, who had flown into Albuquerque as evaluators of HELP's $453,450 research and development grant. According to the report, their primary business did not include the feedlot, but Brooke went to La Jara with HELP's Dr. Ferran and spoke with Lowry, who admitted to Brooke that the real purpose in setting up the new corporation was to freeze out HELP. At that point, Ferran warned that if the Colorado corporation was set up, HELP would withdraw all the federal and private funds it had pulled together for the project, but Lowry dismissed the threat and set up the corporation the same day. On July 10—the day after Lowry's feedlot was legally incorporated in La Jara—Brooke, Mercure and Ferran held a strategy meeting. At Ferran's suggestion, it was decided that they would tell the Foundation that a press release would be forthcoming with the following headline: "FORD FOUNDATION OFFICIAL FUNDS FEEDLOT FOR BROTHER-IN-LAW." It was never done. As for Mercure, much of his time was spent away from HELP, in a special staff position with Ford's Southwest Council of La Raza as an "expert" in economic development and "entrepreneurship."

However, apparently in response to the threatened exposure, the Ford Foundation notified HELP on July 14 that Atterbury had "voluntarily" withdrawn from the La Jara project. Naturally this had no effect on the program which Atterbury had created.

"The problem seems to lie," the OEO report said, "in the rather unusual relationship to the project of Mr. Claude Lowry. Mr. Lowry is a brother-in-law of Mr. B. P. Atter-

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Stan Reap/El Grito

Some of the people in the Tierra Amarilla Cooperative

bury, a Ford Foundation official who is responsible for the feedlot program." From there the report goes on to describe the nitty-gritty of Ford's "better way" as it evolved under Lowry's guidance in the La Jara venture.

ONCE IN THE SADDLE bought by Ford, Atterbury's brother-in-law apparently played the role of "grand *gringo*" in his $25,000-a-year job. Commenting on their "visit" to the feedlot itself, the writers of the report said Lowry had larded the place with "what could well be called his cronies," that he overrode and ignored the advice of the feedlot's paid consulting firm, and let out construction contracts on his own. Moreover, "We could not help but note the lackadaisical atmosphere surrounding this multi-million dollar project. . . . We could not detect any form of adequate record keeping, filing or other sound business practices. It was also disappointing to observe the whimsical attitude of this management team toward the project. Outsiders who are not involved in the project, such as local bankers, feed salesmen, friends and visitors, all seemed to be in on discussions of the project's business."

As for the vaunted benevolence-through-business for the poor, the report says: "Furthermore, he [Lowry] refuses to purchase cattle from small producers. To date [July 31, 1969], he apparently has dealt only with the very largest cattle growers. For example, he recently purchased 600 head of yearlings from one of the best known ranches in the area. . . . Some of the grounds that the new feedlot is being built on were purchased from Mr. Harry Immel, who operated a small stockyard and slaughter plant on the premises. Unfortunately, Mr. Lowry insisted that the project purchase the slaughter plant (against the advice of the research firm working with the feedlot, which said the slaughterhouse would be a "hindrance" to the feedlot) for $100,000. . . . It was also agreed that Mr. Immel would continue to act as manager of the slaughter plant, at a salary of $20,000 a year."

Immel had been in on the earliest discussion with Atterbury and Lowry. According to the report, Immel's $20,000 salary is $3000 greater than the amount he made when he owned and operated the slaughterhouse himself. Furthermore, meat inspectors retained by HELP appraised the slaughterhouse at only $50,000 (the OEO consultants appraised the surrounding stockyards as possibly worth an additional $20,000) and said the facilities wouldn't meet federal meat inspection standards.

This revealing report commissioned by the OEO has disappeared into the federal bureaucracy, and HELP has maintained a discreet and stony silence. Mercure, with his national and presidential advisory boards, panels and commissions, described as a "leader" and called upon to testify for the poor, has done nothing to draw attention to Ford's fiasco. Privately, he has whispered that HELP no longer has anything to do with the feedlot and has withdrawn its federal and private funds from the project. Publicly, Mercure has said nothing—nor has the New Mexico Council of Churches, which is HELP's sponsor.

THE GOVERNMENT, TOO, has kept its silence, even though OEO poured an initial $708,000 into the feedlot program with no small fanfare. In addition to suppressing the report, the government announced, on May 4, 1970, through the office of U.S. Senator Joseph M. Montoya [D-N.M.], that OEO was providing a "supplemental grant of $252,374 to HELP for a satellite feedlot program." Satellite to what? To Ford and its La Jara feedlot fraud. Moreover, to replace HELP funds withdrawn from the project, the government's Production Credit Association has leapt in to provide more than $1.5 million in loans to the feedlot in La Jara. (Not surprisingly, a new publication called "Feedlot News," which the La Jara feedlot started putting out in May, says that the new president of the board is Harold Linger of Alamosa, who is identified in the story as having been an "administrator of the Production Credit Association of Colorado" before joining the feedlot.)

The colonial press in New Mexico, no stranger to suppression and manipulation, has done nothing to expose the federal/Ford axis and its antics. Not a word has appeared in New Mexico on Ford or its feedlot or HELP which even hints at the reality, save for articles in the Raza movement press. The Albuquerque Journal has continued to aim dark

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innuendo and open distortion at such things as a Raza farming cooperative and people's medical clinic in Tierra Amarilla, while simultaneously holding up as a model Ford's feedlot in La Jara. The Santa Fe New Mexican, which gleefully headlined "CITIZENS ARREST TIJERINA" on the day of Ford's announcement, ran an editorial preface to a story on the feedlot on May 3, 1970, which advised the public in bold-face type that "the impoverished situation of the people of the North was . . . being changed thanks to help of a $2 million Ford Foundation grant, which is being used to set up La Jara Feedlot."

Only the Raza movement press in New Mexico has exposed the Ford program. Last April, El Papel and El Grito del Norte, both members of the Chicago Press Association, became aware of an attempt to draw Raza movement people into a conference in southern New Mexico connected with Ford's Southwest Council of La Raza. The designers of the conference used the names of movement people without bothering to talk to them. To meet this new pacification move, the two Raza papers put out a special issue headed "CONFERENCIA PARA HACER TITERES [Conference to Create Puppets]—FORD FOUNDATION'S PACIFICATION PROGRAM" and containing articles by the movement people whose names had been used, blasting the conference and its pacification efforts.

Ford meanwhile has allowed the release of such information as the addition of four members to the La Jara board, three of them with Spanish names. Even that is a fraud. The legal status of the La Jara Feedlots, Inc., has never changed, according to the Secretary of State in Colorado. There have been no amendments, no changes to the original incorporation, and no name has been added to the controlling trustees.

Ford Foundation President Bundy was LBJ's chief hawk advisor. And despite its billions, Ford's pacification program in the Southwest has been failing as surely as the program in Vietnam, and for the same reason. All across the Southwest, signs of a growing movement toward self-determination and liberation can be seen.

LESS THAN A MILE from Ford's feedlot in La Jara, Raza workers at the potato growers' warehouse walked out this year in the first strike in memory in La Jara. The warehouse workers picketed in a late March blizzard, carrying signs which read "Chicano Power!" and "Viva La Raza!"

In El Centro, a small town north of La Jara in the valley, lettuce pickers went out on strike in June in the first farmworkers' strike there in memory. Support for the strikers was spontaneously mobilized from Raza communities in the valley, and the strikers sought their own leaders from among themselves. Ford's manufactured spokesmen were ignored. When the strikers sought organizational assistance, it was from Cesar Chavez of the United Farm Workers' Organizing Committee. When the strikers sought a voice from the outside, it was that of Rudolph "Corky" Gonzales of the Crusade for Justice in Denver, who has called for creation of the independent nation of Aztlan in the Southwest.

And in Tierra Amarilla itself, where it all began in 1967, the people have moved to reestablish the Raza way which once existed, farming their remaining bits of land communally in the Cooperativa Agricola de Tierra Amarilla, which has sent shudders through the colonial powers and made the Cooperativa the object of police and press attack. But the Cooperativa, comprised of the small, struggling, impoverished Raza ranchers and farmers of the north—the people Ford said it was coming to benefit—are in their second year of planting, despite moves by the power structure, the police and the press to bury them and the Raza way they are resurrecting.

At the same time that it was drawing in its first harvest last year—a harvest which wouldn't be sold, but shared among the people—the Cooperativa moved to open a low-cost people's clinic at Tierra Amarilla. Although the federal government last year poured $1.47 *billion* into New Mexico—including an ongoing $56 million nuclear weapons project in Los Alamos—there has been no medical facility available for the people of the north within a 60-mile radius.

On September 4, 1969, the people's clinic at Tierra Amarilla was destroyed by arsonists. All the rooms were gutted, all medicines destroyed, and most of the equipment either destroyed or extensively damaged. The State Police have been unable to solve the crime. (When a loan was offered by the United Auto Workers, U.S. Senator Joseph M. Montoya reportedly intervened to cut it off. Henry Santistevan of the UAW was then a member of the Southwest Council of La Raza. He is now the Council's executive director.)

But on June 21, 1970, three years after Ford came into New Mexico with a benevolence epitomized by its monument in La Jara, the people in the Cooperativa, almost all heirs to the land and all now desperately poor, held a grand opening of La Clinica del Pueblo de Rio Arriba (The People's Clinic of Rio Arriba), the first and only medical clinic in the colony of New Mexico created and controlled by the people it is intended to serve.

IN NEW MEXICO, FORD'S million-dollar political fraud is turning into an expensive failure. The phalanx of petty power brokers it attempted to establish, the "leadership" it attempted to create, stand largely impotent, bypassed by the source of power the Foundation in the end couldn't tap: the people.

"Our people have a saying in Spanish, 'Aunque la carcel sea de oro, no deja de ser prison,' " said Jose Madril. "In English it means something like, 'Even though the jail is made of gold, it is still a prison.' I guess that's what this Ford Foundation thought it was going to build here. But the people know better.

"Our people here in the north have been on the land for years, generations, centuries. They know what Ford was trying to do, it really didn't matter. They want to starve the people and give their money to the *vendidos* [sellouts]. We have seen it all before. It's like spreading fertilizer, manure, you know. You spread it around and what you put it on, it sprouts, it grows out in the open where you can see it, it shows itself. It's just a matter of time. That's what happened here. The only thing that surprises me is that they grew out so fast, they exposed themselves so fast. With all that money, you'd think they would have been smarter, *qué no*?"

Rees Lloyd and Peter Montague are free-lance writers in New Mexico and are associated with El Grito del Norte.

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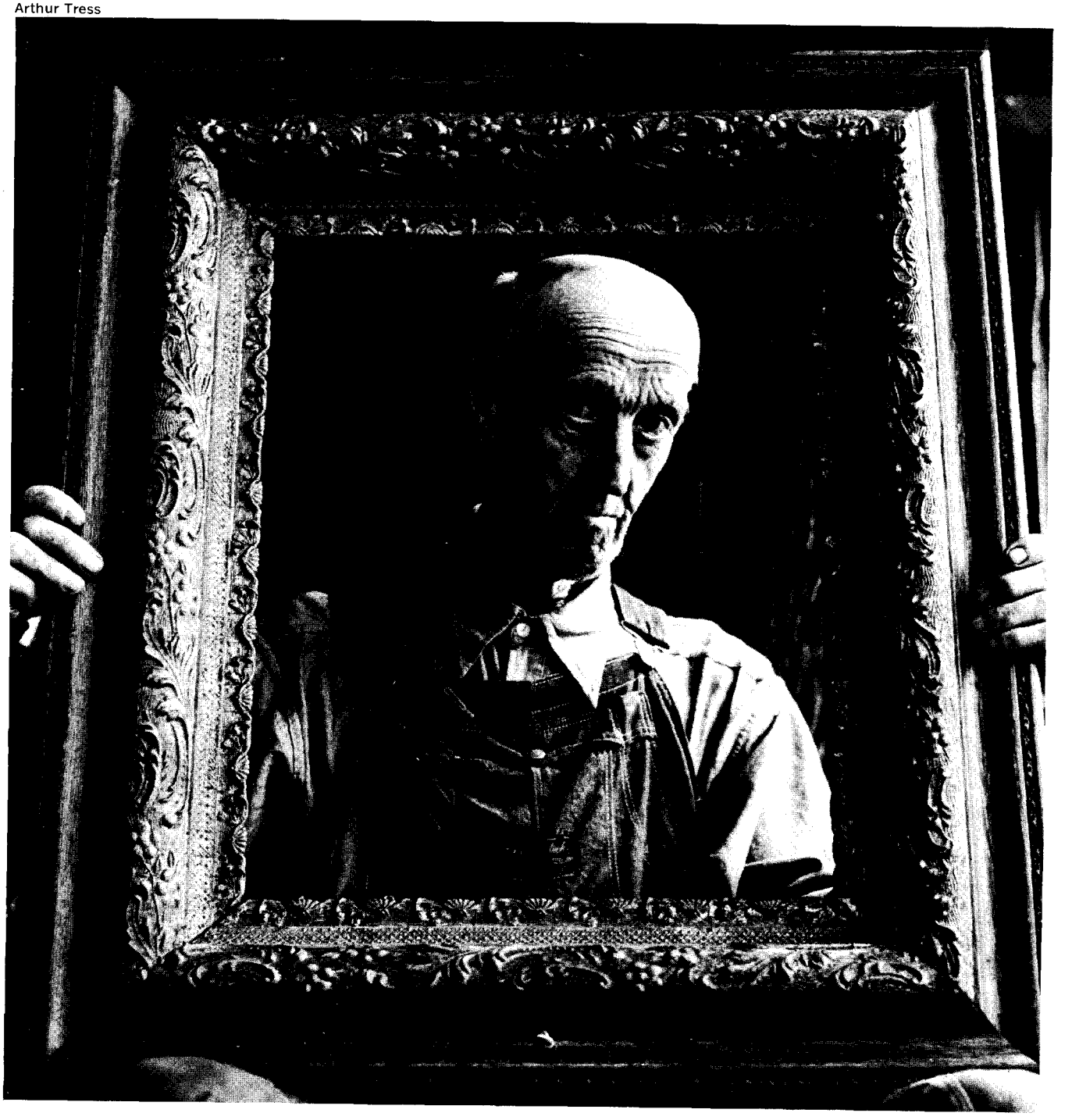
Arthur Tress



On Aging

OLD AGE IS NOT the necessary conclusion of human existence. Unlike the human body, old age does not even represent what Sartre has called "the necessity of our contingency." Many animals die after reproducing themselves, without going through a degenerative stage. However, it is an empirical, universal truth that after a certain number of years the human organism submits to degeneration. The process is inexorable. After a time the individual's activities are reduced; very often his mental faculties diminish and his attitude toward the world is altered.

Sometimes old age has been valued for political or social

by Simone de Beauvoir

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reasons. Certain individuals—for example the women in Old China—could find refuge in it from the harshness of the adult condition. Others accept old age with a deep pessimism: when the will to live seems a source of unhappiness, it is logical to prefer a half-death. But the vast majority approach old age either with sorrow or rebellion. It inspires more repugnance than death itself.

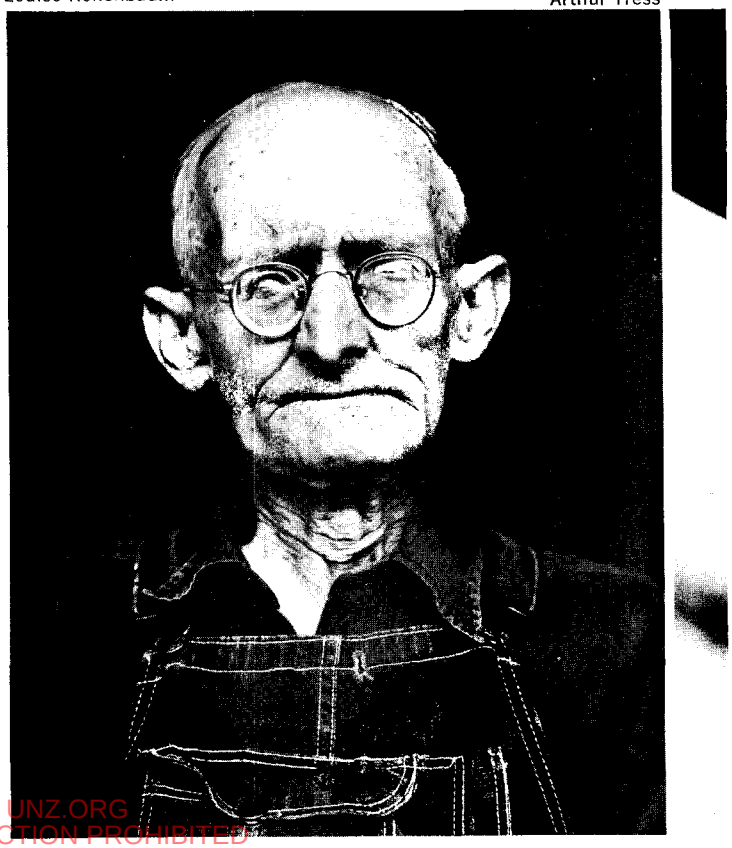
In fact it is old age, more than death, that is the negation of life. It parodies life. Death transforms life with destiny; in a way, it saves life by conferring on it an absolute dimension, "so that finally eternity itself changes it." It abolishes time. The man who is buried—his last days on earth have no more validity than the rest; his existence has become a totality, all of whose parts are equally present in the grasp of nothingness. Victor Hugo is at the same time and never both 30 and 80 years old. But when he was 80 his present life obliterated his past. This supersedence is saddening when, as is almost always the case, the present is a degradation or even a denial of what was. Past events, acquired knowledge, retain their place when life is extinguished: they have been. But when memory crumbles they are engulfed in a mocking darkness: life is unraveled thread by thread like a tattered sweater, leaving nothing in the hands of the aged but the formless shreds. Even worse, the indifference which has overcome him challenges his own passions, his convictions and his activities. That was the case when de Charlus ruined the aristocratic pride which had been his raison d'être with a gesture of his hat. Or when Arina Pavlovki reconciled herself with a son she had always hated. What good is it to have worked so hard—"wasting your trouble," as Rousseau put it—if you no longer value the results you have achieved? Michelangelo's disdain for his "puppets" is heartbreaking—if we consider with him his old age we also feel sadly the vanity of his efforts. But with death these moments of discouragement can do nothing against the grandeur of his work.

NOT ALL OLD PEOPLE are resigned. On the contrary, many are distinguished by their stubbornness. Often, however, they become caricatures of themselves. Their will power perseveres out of a kind of inertia, without reason or even against all reason. At the beginning they were strong-willed because they had a certain goal in view. Now they remain strong-willed because they were strong-willed before. What happens on the whole with old people is that they substitute habits, reflexes, rigidity, for innovation. There is truth in an angry essay written by Faguet called "The Ten Commandments of Old Age" when he says: Old age is a continual comedy that people act out to create an illusion for themselves and others, and it is comical above all when it is badly acted.

Morality preaches the serene acceptance of those evils which science and technology are powerless to eliminate: pain, sickness, age. To bear bravely the very state which diminishes us will, it is claimed, help us grow. For lack of anything else to do, an aging person might become involved in this project. But here we are just playing with words. Projects only concern our activities. Growing old isn't an activity. Growing up, maturing, aging, dying: the passage of time is a fatality.

Arthur Tress

Louise Kollenbaum



Arthur Tress

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Dorothea Lange/The Oakland Museum Collection

Arthur Tress

Lou de la Torre/B.B.M.

Ilka Hartmann/B.B.M.

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Peggy Miller

Elihu Blotnick/B.B.M.

Arthur Tress

If old age is not to be a derisive parody of our past existence there is only one solution: to continue to pursue the goals which give meaning to our lives—devotion to individuals, to collectivities, to causes, to social or political work which is intellectual and creative. Contrary to what the moralists advise, we should wish to retain in our old age passions which are strong enough to prevent us from withdrawing into ourselves. Life keeps its rewards as long as people give of it to others, through love, friendship, indignation, compassion. Then there are still reasons to act or to speak. People are often advised to "prepare" for their old age. But if that simply means putting money aside, choosing a place for retirement or planning hobbies, one won't be any more ready when the day arrives. Instead of thinking about it too much, people would be better off if they lived lives of involvement and purpose to sustain them after all illusions have been lost and passions cooled.

HOWEVER, THESE OPTIONS are only granted to a handful of the privileged: it is during old age that the gap between the privileged and the vast majority of men is widest. In comparing the two groups we can answer the question: what is there that is inevitable in the decline of the individual? To what extent is it society that is responsible?

It is clear that the age at which decline begins has always depended on the class one belongs to. Today a miner is finished at 50, whereas among the privileged, many carry their 80 years with ease. Drained of his forces sooner, the worker also suffers a much more rapid decline. His exhausted body is prey to injuries and sickness even in his prime, whereas an old person who has been able to take care of his body can keep it more or less intact until the day he dies.

The exploited are condemned in old age to squalor or, at the very least, to severe poverty, oppressive living conditions and solitude, which lead to a sense of failing and a generalized anxiety. They sink into a stunned numbness which is reflected in their bodies: even the diseases which affect them are to a large extent the product of the system.

Even if a person in retirement preserves his health and his mental faculties he is still prey to the terrible blight of boredom. Deprived of his grip on the world, he is unable to regain it because apart from his work his leisure was alienated. The manual laborer isn't even able to kill time. His morose idleness turns into apathy which compromises what remains to him of his physical and moral balance.

But the injury that is done to him in the course of his existence is even more basic. If a retired person feels des-

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Arthur Tress

Ilka Hartmann/B.B.M.

Arthur Tress

perate about the meaninglessness of his present life it is because his life has been robbed of meaning throughout. A law implacable as the "Iron Law" has permitted him only to reproduce his life, denying him the opportunity of creating justifications for it. Outside the limits of his profession, he sees around him nothing but a wasteland: he was never given the chance to involve himself in projects which would have contributed to world aims, values, raisons d'être.

THIS IS THE CRIME of our society. Its "politics of old age" is scandalous. But even more scandalous is the treatment the society inflicts on the majority of people during their youth and their maturity. Society "prefabricates" the mutilated, miserable condition which is their lot in old age. It is the fault of society that the decline of age begins prematurely and is precipitous, physically painful and morally terrifying—because people come to it with empty hands. When their strength deserts them, the exploited and alienated are fatally transformed into discarded rubbish.

That is why all the remedies that are proposed to alleviate the distress of old people are so ludicrous: none is capable of repairing the systematic destruction that has victimized them throughout their entire existence. Even if they are cared for, no one can give them back their health. Even if one builds for them decent places to live, one will not have created the culture, interests and responsibilities which would give meaning to their lives. I am not saying that it is entirely vain to try to improve their condition at this time. But that won't offer any solution to the real problem of old age, which is: What should a society be like so that in his old age a man can remain a man?

The answer is simple: he must always have been treated like a man. Society reveals itself in the fate it assigns to its inactive members: society has always considered them merely idle equipment. Society admits that only profit counts, that its "humanism" is purely façade. In the 19th century the ruling classes explicitly categorized the proletariat as barbarians. Workers' struggles have succeeded in integrating the proletariat into humanity, but only insofar as they are productive. The old workers' society turns its back on them as if they were a strange species.

This is precisely why the question has been buried in concerted silence. Old age denounces the failure of our whole civilization. It is the whole man that must be remade, and all relations among people recreated, if we want the condition of the old to be acceptable. A man shouldn't come to the end of his life alone and empty-handed. If culture were

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Alejandro Stuart

Dorothea Lange/The Oakland Museum Collection

Arthur Tress

Stephen Shames/Photon West

David Hoffman

life and practice—and not inert knowledge, acquired once and then ignored—if the individual had, through culture, a grasp on his environment which fulfilled and renewed itself over the years, he would be an active, useful citizen at any age. If the individual from childhood on were not atomized, shut off and isolated among other atoms, if he participated in life, he would never know exile. Nowhere have such conditions ever been achieved. The socialist countries, if they approach this condition a little more closely than the capitalist countries, remain very distant from it.

IN THE IDEAL SOCIETY I am picturing we could dream that old age, so to speak, would not exist. Just as with certain privileged cases now, the individual, privately weakened by age but not visibly diminished, would one day fall victim to a fatal illness: he would die without suffering degradation. Old age would conform in reality to the definition that certain bourgeois theorists give to it: that is, a moment in existence which is different from youth and maturity, but possessing its own balance, and leaving open to the individual a wide range of possibilities.

We are far from that. Society concerns itself with the individual only insofar as he is productive. Young people know all about this. Their anxiety on entering social life is the counterpart of the agony of old people on being excluded from it. In the intervening time, daily routine masks these problems. A young person fears this machine which will use him up; sometimes he tries to fight back by throwing paving stones; the old man, rejected by it, used up, exposed, has nothing left but his eyes to cry with. Between the two the machine turns, crusher of men who let themselves be crushed because they cannot even imagine escaping from it. Once one has understood what the condition of old people is, one cannot be content to demand more generous "politics of old age," higher pensions, decent housing, organized leisure activities. It is the whole system which is at stake, and the demand can only be radical: to change life.

—TRANSLATED BY JUDY ORINGER AND DAVID KOLODNEY

Simone de Beauvoir, a leading French intellectual, is well known as the author of The Second Sex, The Mandarins *and other works. The preceding is the concluding chapter of her new book on aging,* La Vieillesse.

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In August Ramparts carried a story on the Soledad Brothers, three black inmates of Soledad Prison accused of killing a white prison guard. Since the story was written, defense attorneys succeeded in moving the trial of the Brothers from Monterey County, where they never could have received a fair trial. The trial is now scheduled for San Francisco. • • • The Soledad Brothers' defense is also scoring victories against the prison system itself. Inmates are finding courage to write of the brutality they experience. A U.S. Senate committee and state legislators are investigating Soledad. And, much to the chagrin of the divide-and-conquer prison administration, black inmates at Soledad are now communicating with those the prison calls "White Nazis." • • • These victories cost money—for hearing transcripts, investigation work, publicity, and office expense for the volunteer lawyers. With your help the movement to free the Soledad Brothers and transform America's prisons can win.

I would like to help in the struggle to defend the Soledad Brothers. Enclosed is my contribution of:

$500 ☐ $250 ☐ $100 ☐ $50 ☐ $25 ☐ $10 ☐ $_____

make checks payable to: Soledad Brothers Defense Fund
P.O. Box 31306
San Francisco, Calif. 94131

Name .....
(please print)

Address .....Zip.....

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ALL FOR VIETNAM

THE CAMBODIAN INVASION, the killings at Kent State and Nixon's Cold War rhetoric all caused a sudden panic among millions of Americans who yearned to believe in "Vietnamization" and other promises of peace in Southeast Asia. The national reaction was great enough to send Nixon before the TV cameras, and ultimately to the Washington Monument, to cool the threat of disruption in his own capital. Nixon's promise to withdraw from Cambodia did have a temporary cooling effect, but it also blew away many lingering illusions about peace in Asia. The government had served notice to all but the most blind that its intention was to win the war through escalation—even with nuclear weapons, if necessary.

Why did anyone ever doubt it?

The U.S. government already had demonstrated its willingness to attempt subtle genocide in Vietnam under the pretense of waging a "war of attrition." The military ruthlessly bombed the social structure—schools, hospitals; used chemicals to poison the dams of Vietnam, the rivers and farmlands; drove the rural population in the South into concentration camps; and spoke of "destroying cities to save them," "fighting against the Vietnamese birth rate," and "threatening their existence as a nation." The toll of suffering in Vietnam long ago surpassed that which would have resulted from a Hiroshima-type attack. Genocide by any other name is still genocide. Regardless of the intent of particular officials during the last 21 years of American intervention, the dynamic is unmistakable: relentless American military action has attempted to crush the Vietnamese revolution by any means necessary, by any escalation required.

[THE PATTERN OF LIBERAL PROTEST]

BUT THERE IS A VERY HUMAN desire to recover from shock, to return to normalcy, to disbelieve that nightmare can become reality. All these feelings operate among Americans who want peace, and it is precisely these feelings that Nixon has sought to manipulate. Feelings such as these quite likely moved people involved in national protests against the Cambodian invasion to feel satisfaction with Nixon's agreement to "withdraw" in two months.

If the New Haven weekend offered a glimpse of the Apocalypse, the calm protest in Washington, D.C., just one week later returned most people to the conventional world of anti-war protest.

It was not the Nixon Administration which implemented this pacifying strategy but, paradoxically, the liberal establishment that Nixon and Agnew despise. Much of the effort to keep young people from believing that the nightmare had come was made by liberal politicians and college administrators.

On Yale's signal, college administrators adopted a sudden new tolerance, even cooperation, towards dissent on the campuses. Just as Yale was "reconstituted" for a weekend to accommodate the Panther protests, so did schools everywhere allow students and faculty to work against the war. On the political front, a score of senators came forward with anti-war amendments and proposals for channeling student energies into fall electoral campaigns.

The underlying motive of the administrators and politicians in all this was certainly not withdrawal of troops from Vietnam or radical transformation of the war-oriented university. Their immediate concern was peace in the schools and peace between the generations.

A perfect embodiment of this concern could be found in the figure of Cyrus Vance, a Yale trustee who was intimately involved in keeping his alma mater from being destroyed during the May Day protests. Vance, of course, previously represented the U.S. government in the Paris peace talks. Like Yale President Brewster and Yale trustee John Lindsay, Vance by now preferred a retreat in Vietnam to save America's interests elsewhere, particularly at home.

These men knew quite well the level of discontent on the campuses. They knew that the school year's two peaceful and legitimate Moratoriums had only widened the generation gap. They knew that the Chicago Conspiracy Trial had added greatly to the despair the young felt toward established institutions. Above all they knew that since the beginning of the year the level of revolutionary violence in America had taken a quantum jump forward. Demonstrators in large numbers were breaking windows and trashing buildings. Young guerrillas were burning and bombing hundreds of

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by Tom Hayden

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institutions, such as ROTC and draft boards. They knew, finally, that Yale would be levelled in any confrontation during May Day weekend, setting off perhaps hundreds of violent rebellions on less guarded campuses. In their calculation it was time for a new policy: to allow for peaceful dissent within their institutions even at the risk of ruffling Establishment feathers and exciting Spiro T. Agnew.

This is not to say that all the protest energy generated by the spontaneous national student strike was wasted or co-opted. Overnight, thousands of new activists were made; Nixon was forced to limit the timetable of his invasion; and shock over the blood spilled at Kent State, Augusta, Jackson and Cambodia probably increased the conviction of millions of Americans that the war was wrong.

NOW THAT THE STRIKE is over, however, we can see its limits clearly. No colleges were really "reconstituted"; no fundamental pressures were built against the war machine; most of the activity dissipated into summer vacation; most college administrations were able finally to preserve their buildings from violence. In contrast to this, there was a bloodbath in Cambodia; 40,000 South Vietnamese troops remain there; and the U.S. is planning to bomb Cambodia as mercilessly as it does Laos.

The sense of *déjà vu* this syndrome creates is overpowering. We went through a precisely analagous experience in 1967–68 leading up to the Chicago confrontation. Then members of the "lunatic fringe" of the American left were not guerrilla-bombers; they were burning draft cards, obstructing Dow recruiters and storming Pentagon walls. Then, too, the Establishment's crisis-managers (McGeorge Bundy comes to mind) were urging a cutback in Vietnam to prevent a breakdown at home. Then as now the message to young America was: don't believe the radicals, work within the system, create a constructive alternative to nihilism—and remember, you'll be crushed if you try to rebel. Then also the young people went to the Silent Majority, worked in the very guts of the electoral system, became Clean for Gene. Then came the bloody finish in Chicago. Senator McCarthy went off to cover the World Series for Life magazine. The moderates won their demands—negotiations with the other side, an end to the bombing of North Vietnam—only to realize they were meaningless. The government had ended the anti-war movement under the pretext of ending the war.

It is amazing that within a year optimism could bloom again among the same liberal forces that were shattered in Chicago. A group of former McCarthy and Kennedy workers (and politicians, even including Averill Harriman) formed a movement curiously called The Moratorium. Everyone hailed it as a respectable alternative to the kind of politics the Chicago Conspiracy represented (we had to fight their bureaucracy even to appear on stage in the Chicago Moratorium in October). Indeed, a million people were mobilized around rather humble slogans like "Give peace a chance." The response to this upstanding, respectable protest? Nixon declared he would be unaffected by their numbers, and Agnew branded the organizers "effete snobs."

Evidently the Agnew criticism contained some truth, since the Moratorium organizers swiftly gave up their plans for an escalating, month-by-month boycott and work stoppage and closed the Moratorium to return to the more familiar environment of electoral politics. The Cambodian invasion came three weeks later.

THE PATTERN OF LIBERAL FAILURE is by now obvious. From the McCarthy campaign to the Moratorium to the present campus "reconstitution" movement, we have seen a moderate, Democratic Party-oriented program tried and frustrated again and again. The problem in this political strategy seems to be an over-reliance on politicians and an under-reliance on popular pressure. This is not the way liberal strategists would argue their cause, of course. They would say that the war can only be ended by respectable efforts within the mainstream of politics, and that disruptive protest only alienates the public and strengthens the hawks. But they cannot be blind to the fact that if they have any leverage at all, it is precisely because they are a safe alternative to radicalism. For a better explanation of their politics we would have to conclude that they want to end the war but also save the system. They do not themselves follow the natural path of radicalization which many of their followers do. They remain instead a loyal opposition working within the electoral arena for changes—changes, not in the system, but in its priorities.

The tragedy is that many young people who accept the liberal theory of change are simply not aware of their own power. It is not that they want above all to stay within the system, but only that they are conditioned to believe that working outside the system is impossible. They are still blind to the source of their tremendous power, the power to make Nixon rush to the Washington Monument. That power does not reside in their electoral potential but only in their potential to disrupt the vital institutions containing them—the universities—and to threaten the stability of the country's future. It was this threat which caused Brewster to "open" Yale, and Nixon to pledge "withdrawal" from Cambodia. There is a constant tendency among students and young people in general to disbelieve the reality of their own power, to continue believing that power is with their parents or the politicians. But they should instead consider the formula the Vietnamese have for American politics: *if we are strong, even a Goldwater will withdraw; if we are weak, even a McCarthy will attack.*

[RADICALISM AND ITS IMPASSE]

THE RADICALS HAVE ALWAYS been more correct about Vietnam than have the architects of liberal protest. The former goals of the radicals, once condemned by liberals as utopian, now are quite acceptable—for example, the demand for immediate withdrawal instead of negotiations. The radical strategy of relying on people in the streets instead of in the ballot box has also been productive, at least up through 1968, when the radical strategy reached a peak of success which has been followed by a prolonged impasse.

In 1968 we administered the first clear setback to America's strategy of escalation. It was the year of military defeat (the Tet offensive) and of political catastrophe, with Westmoreland, McNamara and Johnson bowing out unceremoniously. Those who came to Chicago to protest were prophets

(Continued on page 46)

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Workers A

by Al Richmond

AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME that hard-hat goon squads jammed into Wall Street to drive anti-war demonstrators from the sanctuaries of high finance, a very different kind of labor activism was taking place on the West Coast. It did not have the impact of wire cutters or pliers against human skulls, but it was almost as dramatic: for in a remarkable display of consensus, organized labor in the greater San Francisco Bay Area directed its anger against the President's war policy, and not against the critics of that policy.

There were other symptoms in other places of a sharpening labor debate and division over the Indochina war and its consequences, but the San Francisco Area actions were unique in the range of involvement. Every AFL-CIO county central labor council in the vicinity (Alameda, Contra Costa, Marin, San Francisco, San Mateo and Santa Clara counties), representing an aggregate of some 400,000 workers, called upon Congress to censure Nixon "for his decep-

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inst the War

tion, dishonesty and violation of our Constitution"; to repeal the Gulf of Tonkin resolution; and to approve the McGovern-Hatfield amendment to cut off funds for U.S. combat operations in Indochina by the end of this year. (The San Francisco delegates acted as individuals pending a referendum among their 150,000 constituents.) Even more all-embracing was a full-page advertisement appearing in San Francisco's two daily newspapers on May 18 which allowed for expression from the two most influential unions in the area, the International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union and the Teamsters, both outside the AFL-CIO structure. Couched as a message to President Nixon, the advertisement concluded: "We want a cease-fire—Now! We want out of Cambodia—Now! We want out of Vietnam—Now! We've had it!"

To anyone acquainted with San Francisco labor or generally knowledgeable about American trade unionism, the list of 463 signers for this ad included surprising plums in

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a pudding of expectable names and unions. Among them were important representatives of such bastions of craft conservatism as the building and metal trades: Daniel Del Carlo, executive secretary of the San Francisco Building Trades Council; Thomas A. Rotell, secretary of the Metal Trades Council; A. A. Figone, secretary of the District Carpenters Council; and Harry Bigarani, secretary of the Painters District Council. In all there were 53 representatives of the building and metal crafts.

The corps of Teamsters was led by Joseph Diviny, first international vice president and head of the union's San Francisco Bay Area Joint Council, and Einar Mohn, director of the Western Conference of Teamsters. The ILWU, which initiated the project, was represented by President Harry Bridges, all the other international officers and virtually the entire cadre of the union in Northern California. That other outcast from George Meany's "house of labor," the United Auto Workers — no big factor in this area — fielded a modest team headed by the union's western regional director, Paul Schrade.

At least 30 other crafts and industries were represented, among them teachers and cemetery workers, bottle blowers and hospital workers, newspaper guildsmen and bartenders, oil workers and cooks, steel workers and office employees, barbers and butchers, public employees and cleaners and dyers, retail clerks and farm workers.

Lou de la Torre/B.B.M.

BUT IT WAS ONLY in its large numbers that this West Coast labor outrage over the war differed from what was going on nationally. For instance, Jacob Potofsky, president of the 417,000-member Amalgamated Clothing Workers, was cheered at his union's convention in Atlantic City when he said: "Our members . . . want peace now, without delay, without further military adventurism, without more killing . . . ." Thomas E. Boyle, president of the Chemical Workers, and Charles Hayes, vice president of the Meat Cutters & Butcher Workmen, took the initiative for the formation of a National Labor Committee to End the War, focusing at the outset on mustering support for the McGovern-Hatfield amendment. Conventions of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employes and of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employes called for withdrawal of U.S. forces from Indochina (the first urged that the withdrawal be "immediate and total," the second that it be "early and orderly"). The publication of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters, headed by Patrick E. Gorman, referred to Senator Fulbright's assertion that "the AFL-CIO has become part of the military establishment," and added: "In our opinion . . . the charge, to a great extent, is true. We do not believe that the leader of our great American trade union family speaks for that family in supporting the President in the present war dilemma of our nation." Varying degrees of dissent from the Nixon line parroted faithfully in the labor movement by AFL-CIO President George Meany also came from the United Auto Workers, the Teamsters at the national level, the United Electrical Workers, and such anti-war veterans in New York as Drug & Hospital Workers Local 1199 and District 65, Wholesale, Retail, Office & Processing Union.

Patently the President's Cambodian caper intensified the polarization in the labor movement as it did in other sectors of American society. And the dissent was more significant because the display of hard-hat muscle on Wall Street and elsewhere had been designed to whip up jingoist passions among the rank and file and to exert an intimidating influence on possible dissenters. Still, for the most part the protest that surfaced came from sources that previously had carved out a foreign policy position at variance with Meany's. This is what makes the men from the building and metal crafts who signed the San Francisco advertisement a striking index of a new dimension in public labor opposition to the war. Like most of the other signers, they come from the lower echelons of labor officialdom, closest to the rank and file and most vulnerable to pressures from on high. Mostly they are pragmatic men and if they anticipated a serious backlash from below it is unlikely they would have hazarded defiance, not only of Meany, but of their own international bureaucracies, which comprise the hard core of Meany's power base.

ONE OF THE MEN who promoted the advertisement and who has a wide and intimate acquaintance with Northern California's labor officialdom conceded that such a venture would have been inconceivable a year ago. There has been a change. Why? Some within the labor infrastructure say that George Meany's presumptuous claim to speak for all labor in approving Nixon's war policy had become an irritant. "If Meany hadn't opened his mouth," said one leader, "there wouldn't have been the reaction there was."

Most on the labor scene agree that the economic situa-

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tion—inflation and unemployment—was another important influence for change. A year ago, one union official said, the inflation hadn't begun to hurt, but now it has. So has unemployment, the threat as well as the reality. (This man comes from Contra Costa County—a mixture of industrial belt and middle-class suburbia—and he rattled off some vital statistics: 500 men jobless (out of a work force of 2400) at the U.S. Steel mills in Pittsburg; 25 per cent unemployed in the building trades; 1600 jobs lost by machinists in Richmond.)

These union functionaries also cited the jarring, inexorable pressures from the student generation as a potent influence on the new labor activism. One younger union officer tried to categorize the contradictory responses to the young among union ranks in this way: among some, repression; among a greater number, perplexity; among a distinct minority, sympathy—which mixes defensiveness with emulative wish ("We should be doing what the kids are doing"). Preoccupation with youth is increasingly frequent in labor rhetoric. Fairly representative of this rhetoric was an advertisement last October endorsing the anti-war moratorium, sponsored by the Alliance for Labor Action (ALA) and its three constituent unions, the Teamsters, Auto Workers and Chemical Workers. "As long as we are involved in Vietnam," the ad said, "our youth will be alienated."

A similar concern with alienation was voiced in the initial manifesto of the ALA (July 23, 1968) which said that one of its purposes would be "to develop policies and carry out programs that will enable the American labor movement to repair the alienation of the liberal-intellectual and academic community and the youth of our nation in order to build and strengthen a new alliance of progressive forces in the broad effort to advance the common good." To be sure, contradictions within the labor movement and other societal pressures motivated formation of the ALA, but the student revolt was a powerful lever in jarring loose the encrustations that seemed to be institutionalized in the wake of the AFL-CIO merger of 1955.

In New York the hard-hat incidents in May produced a counter-demonstration, jointly organized by unions and student groups. In San Jose the Santa Clara County Central Labor Council has agreed to participate in a continuing committee of cooperation with students at San Jose State College. But even before that, student-labor cooperation had been spreading. A pioneering experiment in "worker-student alliance" was staged in the San Francisco area early last year when there were simultaneous strikes by oil workers at Standard Oil in Richmond and by students (led by a Black Students Union and a Third World Liberation Front) and teachers at San Francisco State College. Both strikes were long, tough and nasty. At a joint press conference announcing the alliance of refinery and campus strikers, G. T. (Jake) Jacobs, secretary-treasurer of Oil, Chemical & Atomic Workers Local 1-561, declared: "It is not just police brutality that unites us. We are all exploited, black workers more than white, but we all have the same enemy, the big corporations. And it is corporations, like our enemy, Standard Oil, that control the Board of Trustees of the state colleges the students are fighting."

In the heat of concurrent battles a community of interest was readily apparent and easily articulated. Since Cambodia there has been much more talk of student-worker alliance, and some of it prompted one union official, who has a great deal more contact with students than most of his peers, to say with untypical vehemence, "We have to get away from the sentimental and romantic rhetoric of the '30s and '40s about a worker-student coalition." As he explained it, what he truly meant was that the New Deal basis for coalition was no longer operative, and there had to be a hard-headed definition of a mutuality of interest in contemporary terms. His own imagination along these lines was limited—a labor campaign for reduced tuition, organization of students' unions that would formulate demands about the content and condition of their studies in terms to which union workers could relate. Yet his premise—that there had to be a defined mutuality of interest as the basis of alliance—was indisputable.

Is this coalition to be simply an updated New Deal, combining student alienation with conventional labor politics and Walter Reuther-type social engineering? Or is it to be an alliance proceeding from radical positions? Or, as variation, is it to be a broad, liberally oriented constellation with a distinct and independent radical presence, either within it or on its flank? The answer will turn on what emerges from the dialogue and action of the future.

And much depends on what happens in the unions themselves. Cambodia served as catalyst to surface existing tensions. But one wonders, for instance, if San Francisco area labor would have challenged Meany so readily had there not been prior confrontations with him over gut union issues. Last October the San Francisco Labor Council suspended Amalgamated Transit Union Division 1225 (consisting of bus drivers) for crashing picket lines of Auto Machinists Lodge 1305 in a Council-sanctioned strike against Greyhound. The trial committee found the offending union's actions "repulsive and repugnant to the principles of the labor movement." Not so Meany. He reversed the Council's action over its strong objections.

A year earlier there was a similar encounter between the Alameda Central Labor Council and Meany, involving motion picture projectionists who crashed picket lines of theater janitors. An angry Council voted unanimously to expel Projectionists Local 169. Meany ordered it reinstated. After hearing of Meany's order, on a delegate's motion the Council adjourned its meeting with one minute of mourning silence for "one of our greatest union principles."

To the outsider this might seem like small potatoes. To the union activist, however, it involves a combination of ethics and pork chops. By the time of the Cambodia invasion, the rankling memory of these affronts upset Meany's bureaucratic authority.

It is difficult to generalize from these occurrences to any over-all picture of what is happening at the rank-and-file level among the 17 million men and women in U.S. trade unions. But one recent incident may be illuminating. It involves a man named Walter J. Stack, a veteran labor left-winger in San Francisco and an authentic hard hat, having

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earned this distinction as a hod carrier for the past 15 years (before that he was a seaman and a packing-house worker). Being a hard hat he was especially outraged—and frustrated—by the New York exploits. Subsequently, when a hard-hat parade was staged in St. Louis with violent assaults on sundry dissenters along the line of march, Stack says he was sufficiently outraged to stage a counter-demonstration all his own.

At the end of a day's work, wearing his hard hat and a sign, "Hard Hats Not All Stormtroopers," he mounted his bicycle (that's for physical culture, not ecology) and rode the length of San Francisco's Market Street. Where he began there was a large concentration of construction workers working on a subway-to-be, and he says many smiled and waved at him, without one overt sign of hostility. He also got his picture in the morning newspaper. Stack was working on the Embarcadero Center, San Francisco's modest answer (45 floors) to New York's Trade Center (102 floors), a major staging area for the hard hats there. When he came to work the next morning the operating engineer at the controls of the "skiff" (the outside elevator that hoists the men to their jobs) greeted him with a smile: "Well, Walt, I see you're in the paper." The skiff filled up with about 35 men, mostly structural iron workers, and for the eight to ten minutes it takes to get to the 41st floor, where Stack got off, there was friendly banter. "We got a celebrity among us" . . . "May I have your autograph?"

"It was all very friendly and congenial," Stack says. "And no one went into the issues."

Not going into such issues, he has learned, is par for the course. Men on construction jobs tend to abide by the barroom code for conversation: no politics or religion. So he was surprised later when some lathers, electricians and plumbers ("older men that I thought were really reactionary bastards") went out of their way to indicate approval of what he had done. One even made a sartorial point: "Here they're called hard hats; in Europe they were called brownshirts."

It would be folly to draw any sweeping conclusion from the response to one forceful man's bold initiative on one big construction job, but at the very least Stack did make his elementary point: not all hard hats are stormtroopers.

If POLITICAL ATTITUDES, especially on controversial issues, are difficult to ascertain and not susceptible to sweeping generalization, the same is not true for economic issues. One union staff man, whose specialty is negotiation and arbitration, exploded: "You want to know what's new in labor? Rank and file assertiveness on contracts, that's what's new!" Evidently he has been through the wringer. "Even when negotiators think they have something good, they're getting dumped," he said. "You know, you used to be able to have a sense about these things, to know when you had something acceptable. But not anymore. You bring it in and you go through a real cross-examination and you don't know how it's going to come out."

Dumping of officially negotiated contracts, or rebellion against them, has become epidemic. The recent massive revolt by Teamsters across the country was but a dramatic symptom. Some radical sects resort to the cry of "Sellout!", which misses the whole point. It is one thing to reject a "sellout," but an altogether different dimension of discontent is registered in the rejection of a contract that the negotiators honestly believe is good by all traditional yardsticks for measuring good and bad contracts. This constitutes a revolt against traditional yardsticks, against bureaucratic authority in determining what is good or bad, and often, although the revolt focuses on a particular contract, the latent discontent seems to transcend the terms at issue.

It is this radical quality in contract rejection, as well as its epidemic proportion, that prompted a panel consisting of the construction industry, the top building trades union bureaucracy and Secretary of Labor George P. Schultz (before his elevation to the White House staff) to propose that the right to vote on contracts be taken away from the rank and file in the construction industry. "The whole concern here," said Schultz, "is to avert the growing rejection of contracts by the rank and file."

The proposal, aside from reflecting Establishment fears of rank-and-file workers, also sheds an interesting light on the encouragement of the hard-hat phenomenon by the construction industry, Nixon administration and major segments of the building trades union bureaucracy. It is a classical case of diversion, this incitement of jingoist passions among a group of workers by the same forces that are about to clobber them. The coincidence also suggests the limitations of rank-and-file economic revolt, even with radical overtones (in that it challenges conventional yardsticks and established authority), without deeper ideological underpinnings. The confluence of jingoism and racism—especially conspicuous in the building crafts, but not confined to them—is the major ideological obstacle to a viable rank-and-file movement. Economic grievance can provide the initial thrust, but revolt can be dissipated if anger is deflected to blacks or students.

All of which poses the need for an effective challenge to racism and imperialism in the American labor movement. And such a challenge is unthinkable without the reemergence of a cohesive left or radical wing in the movement. A potential base for it exists in the proliferation of rank-and-file caucuses throughout the country, black caucuses of varying degrees of militancy, and others of even more variegated character, shaped by local needs and circumstances. An effort to join these in a loose national coalition was made at a conference in Chicago in late June.

It is too early to assess the effectiveness of the conference in coalescing a movement that can survive the assaults it will face. But it is not too early to say that as significant as fissures on top may be in reflecting the pressures for change and in precipitating serious debate in the ranks, there can be no fundamental change in the American labor movement without the national emergence of a radical wing that is rooted in a rank-and-file base. It is just possible that Nixon's Cambodian incursion may have hastened such a development.

Al Richmond is a veteran West Coast newspaperman and former editor of the People's World.

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Now You See Him... Now You Don't

[LENIN, TROTSKY, ROCKEFELLER AND STALIN]

ALTHOUGH (to our embarrassment) we didn't recognize it at press time, we printed in the last (August) issue, as an illustration for Isaac Deutscher's "Lenin: The Making of a Revolutionary," a picture (figure 1) of Lenin in Teatralnaya Square speaking to the troops leaving to fight the Polish White Army—a picture which has long been famous as a doctored photograph. Another photo (figure 2), taken within seconds of the first, from a different angle, shows a figure standing on the stairs at Lenin's left. It is Leon Trotsky, leader of the 1917 Bolshevik insurrection and architect of the Red Army. After Stalin purged him a few years later and had him exorcised by the official historians, Trotsky was written out of Russian history. Our unwitting publication of this photo is an example of historical forgetfulness; we were aided by a leading local Trotskyist, who loaned us the print.

The Russians have carried the practice of political exorcism to fantastic heights. But of course they have no monopoly on it. And in keeping with the great American tradition of balanced journalism, we may recall another famous case of a removed Russian, a case that was immortalized satirically by E. B. White in the poem reprinted here.

Back in 1932, Nelson Rockefeller, a young man on the way up, was given the difficult job of promoting rentals in the family's new Rockefeller Center, which in those Depression years was losing $4 million annually. He took to his task enthusiastically; as one reporter wrote at the time, he was always on the spot "to open bunny gardens in the Sunken Plaza, dedicate wisteria exhibits and skating rinks, present certificates and gold buttons to outstanding construction workers, and so on. On these occasions he made graceful little speeches with the manner of a particularly articulate and successful football coach."

In a fit of expansiveness, young Nelson—already a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum—hired the noted Mexican Communist painter Diego Rivera to do a 17 x 63-foot fresco in the lobby of the Center's main building. To Rockefeller's consternation, however, Rivera placed the unmistakable figure of Lenin in the middle of his work. Rockefeller fired off a note to the artist, saying, "While I was in the building at Rockefeller Center yesterday viewing the progress of your thrilling mural, I noticed that in the most recent portion of the painting you had included a portrait of Lenin. The piece is beautifully painted but it seems to me that his portrait . . . might seriously offend a great many people . . . As much as I dislike to do so, I am afraid we must ask you to substitute the face of some unknown man where Lenin's face now appears."

Rivera refused, and after much diplomatic maneuvering, Rockefeller sent an agent to pay the artist off and to fire him. Rivera left with a vulgar and contemptuous gesture directed both at the Rockefeller man and the capitalist system in general. Rockefeller had the fresco destroyed. A year later he was made treasurer of the Museum of Modern art, and in 1939, its president.

Not long ago Rockefeller proclaimed to a Newsweek reporter: "Art is probably one of the few areas left where there is absolute freedom." —THE EDITORS

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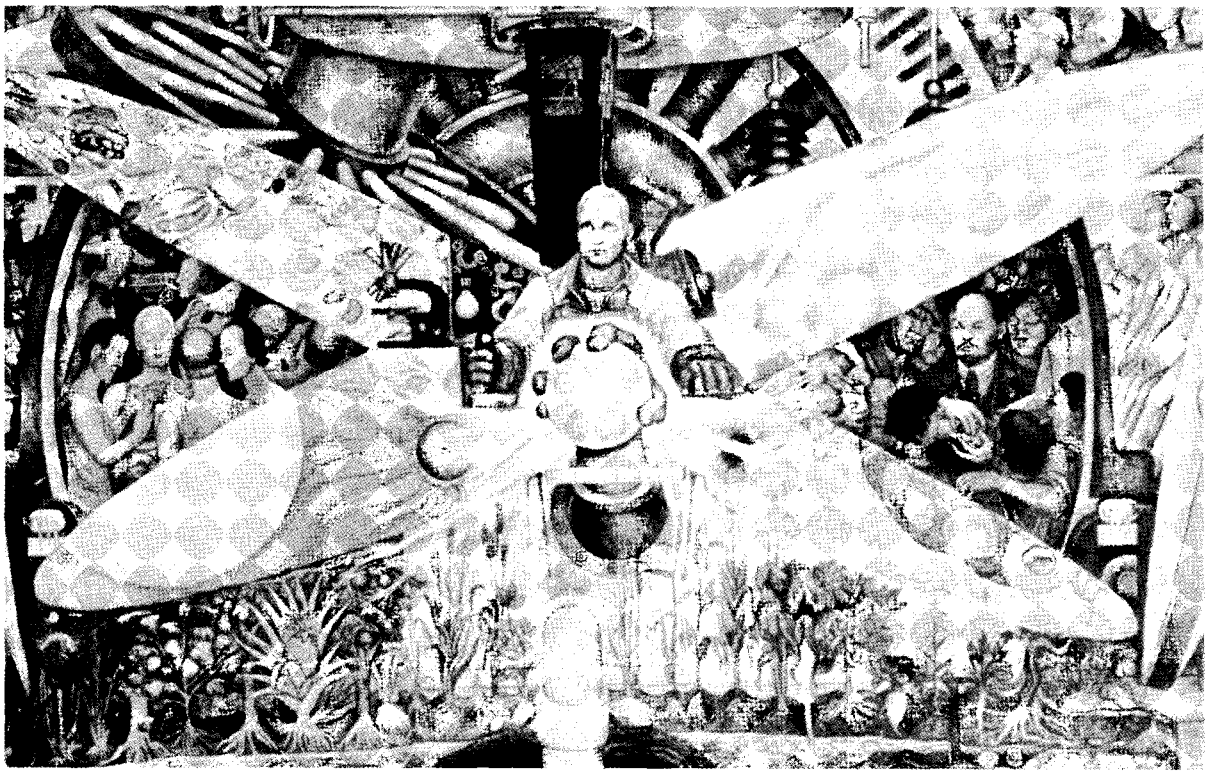

I Paint What I See

A Ballad of Artistic Integrity

"What do you paint, when you paint a wall?"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson.
"Do you paint just anything there at all?
"Will there be any doves, or a tree in fall?
"Or a hunting scene, like an English hall?"

"I paint what I see," said Rivera.

"What are the colors you use when you paint?"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson.
"Do you use any red in the beard of a saint?
"If you do, is it terribly red, or faint?
"Do you use any blue? Is it Prussian?"

"I paint what I paint," said Rivera.

"Whose is that head that I see on my wall?"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson.
"Is it anyone's head whom we know, at all?
"A Rensselaer, or a Saltonstall?
"Is it Franklin D.? Is it Mordaunt Hall?
"Or is it the head of a Russian?"

"I paint what I think," said Rivera.

"I paint what I paint, I paint what I see,
"I paint what I think," said Rivera,
"And the thing that is dearest in life to me
"In a bourgeois hall is Integrity;
"However . . .
"I'll take out a couple of people drinkin'
"And put in a picture of Abraham Lincoln,
"I could even give you McCormick's reaper
"And still not make my art much cheaper.
"But the head of Lenin has got to stay
"Or my friends will give me the bird today
"The bird, the bird, forever."

"It's not good taste in a man like me,"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson,
"To question an artist's integrity
"Or mention a practical thing like a fee,
"But I know what I like to a large degree
"Though art I hate to hamper;
"For twenty-one thousand conservative bucks
"You painted a radical. I say shucks,
"I never could rent the offices—
"The capitalistic offices.
"For this, as you know, is a public hall
"And people want doves, or a tree in fall,
"And though your art I dislike to hamper,
"I owe a *little* to God and Gramper,
"And after all,
"It's *my* wall . . ."

"We'll see if it is," said Rivera.

—E. B. White

Detail of resurrected Radio City mural in Mexico

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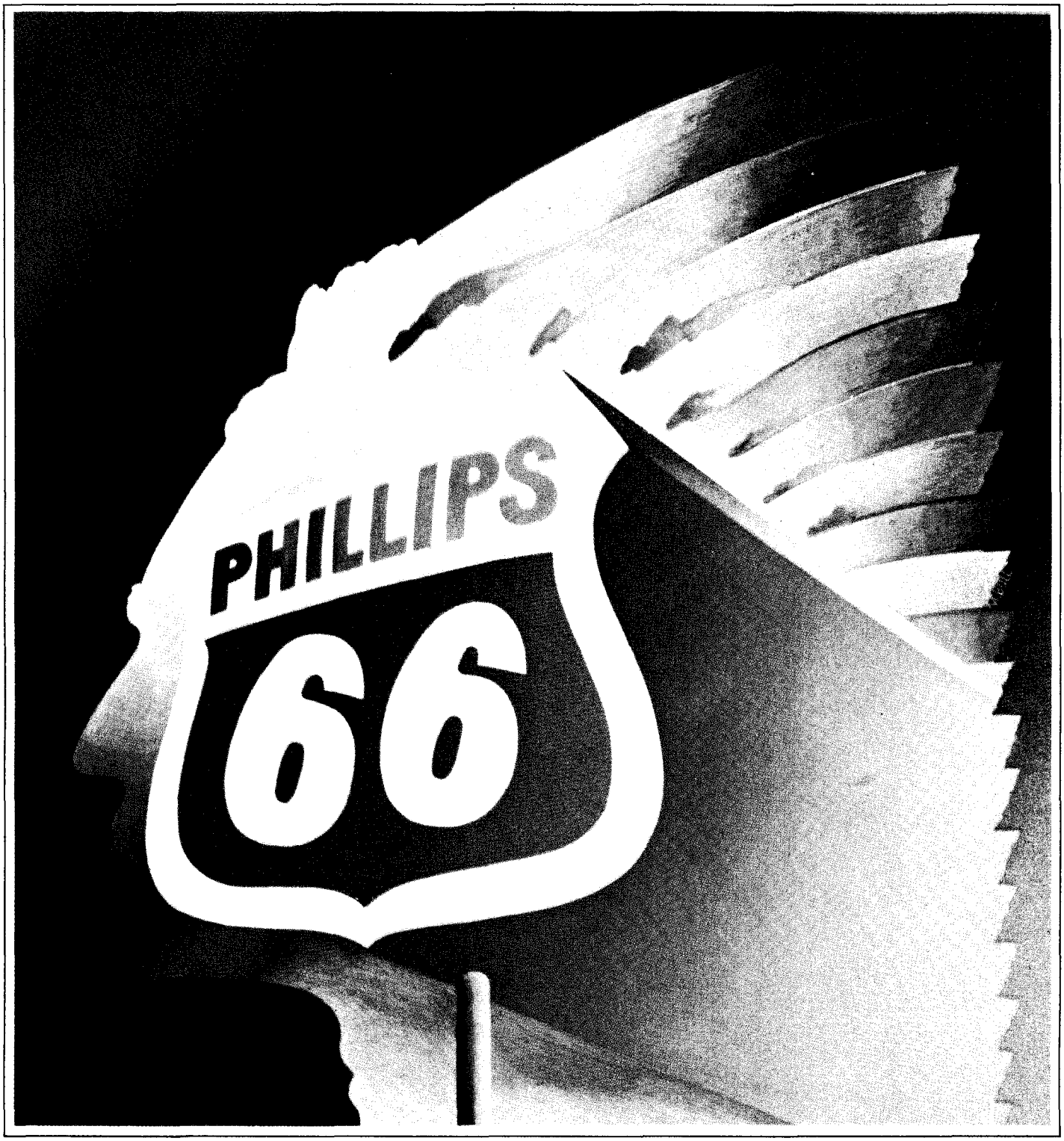
The Theft of a Nation: Apologies to the Cherokees



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"So you've got to realize that if things don't look bad down here, it's probably because you can't see them. Underneath all the sweet talk about development and industry and all, these Cherokees are getting all smothered – with power, with Oklahoma politics, and with big business. We've tried, but how do you go about fighting a man like W. W. Keeler? How do you fight Phillips Petroleum?"

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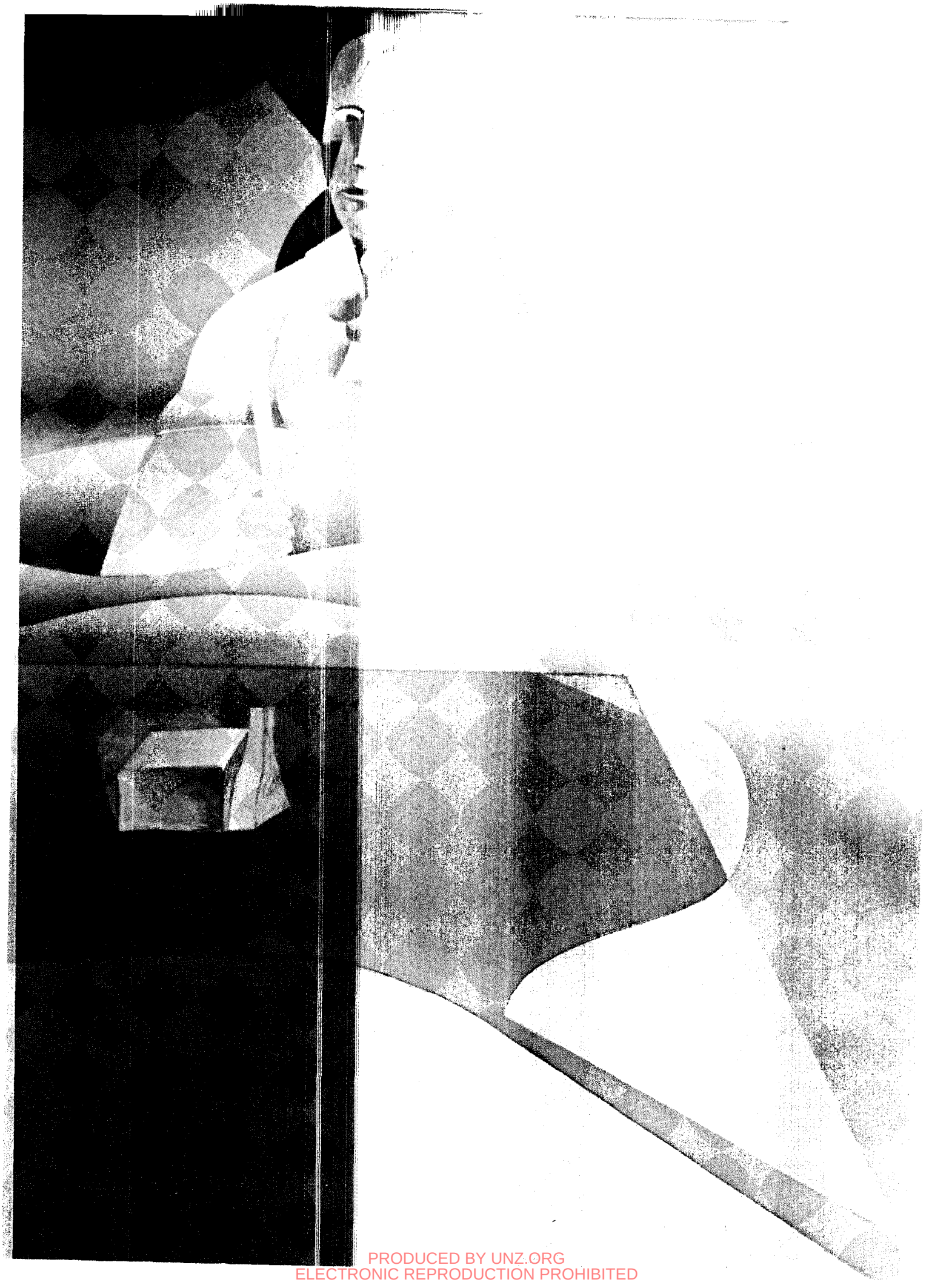

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BACK IN THE GREEN rolling hills of northeastern Oklahoma, in the middle of a deserted clearing a stone's throw off a rough country road, there is a small family cemetery. It is bounded by an old wooden fence overgrown with honeysuckle and wild lavender, and thick with bees from a nearby hive. Most of the graves are marked with marble headstones, but some have only a tin plate set in the ground with a name and two dates scratched in by hand. One grave sits back toward the rear of the cemetery. It is old, the marker weathered and beginning to chip, the letters smoothing out with age. But if you look closely, you can trace the name of John Ross, one of the great leaders of the Cherokee Nation and a man who brought history to this part of the country.

When Ross became Principal Chief in 1828, the Cherokees—already known as one of the "civilized tribes" because they had seen that survival depended on adapting to some of the white man's ways—were not here in Oklahoma. The tribe was back in Georgia where it had always been, and it was fighting to keep the U.S. government from moving it west across the Mississippi to what was known as Indian Territory. The Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Indians, but Andrew Jackson dispatched soldiers to herd the Cherokees out of Georgia. The route they took is remembered as the Trail of Tears because 4000 of their people died along the way.

During the next decades, the Cherokee Nation carved a foothold in this wilderness. Under Ross's leadership, they built a self-sufficient government with a model constitution; they had bilingual newspapers and a populace almost totally literate in Cherokee; their sons and daughters returned from white colleges to help create a school system regarded as the finest west of the Mississippi. When John Ross died in 1866, some whites had already infiltrated the Cherokees' lands, and others—the Sooners and Boomers of a later era—were beginning to clamor for the opening of its rich bottom lands; but the traditional Cherokee fullbloods still controlled the course of their Nation, and the tribe still owned every inch of these quiet hills.

ABOUT A MILE FROM the Ross Family cemetery, there is a reconstruction of an 18th century Cherokee village which is part of the recently built Cherokee Cultural Center called Tsa-La-Gi. The tour costs $1.00, and it is led by a local Indian girl with a well-rehearsed monologue on Cherokee history. She takes you past women sitting cross-legged, stitching skins together with bone needles or pounding grain in cratered rocks. The men, some of them wearing blue-black wigs with long braids, work hollowing dugout canoes or feathering arrows; and the children, big-eyed and half-naked, look shyly to their parents when the whites coming through ask them questions or offer them a handful of coins. The "inhabitants" of the Village are all Cherokee fullbloods who are provided with buckskins and cautioned not to speak English inside the compound as they act out a day in the life of the tribe back in the old country.

There is more to the Cultural Center. Across from the Village, laborers are fixing up another of its attractions—a large, elaborate amphitheatre where an outdoor drama called "The Trail of Tears" is performed during the summer by a company of white actors. Chronicling the journey to Indian Territory and the hardships the Indians first encountered, this play brings Cherokee history up to the year 1907 and ends with the cast joining in a song praising the progress that would be shared by red man and white alike with the coming of Oklahoma's statehood.

Tsa-La-Gi attracts more customers every year. But the Indians down here don't like it. Cherokees are mild and generally keep their opinions to themselves, but if you were to ask one of them about the drama he would probably tell you that his people didn't want Oklahoma citizenship and that all they've gotten since 1907 was a good view of the white man as he stole hundreds of thousands of acres of their land. As for the Village, he might suggest that you listen closely to some of the comments the whites make and watch the resentment that lashes the faces of the "inhabitants," the fullblood descendants of the men who pioneered this country in the day of John Ross and who now live on welfare for that part of the year they are not playing Indian.

History has taught the Cherokee, perhaps more than any other American Indian, how white power works. And things aren't getting any better. This Cultural Center is an example of the Indian's powerlessness. For it was not created by some local Chamber of Commerce or by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Tsa-La-Gi was built by the Cherokees' own government with their own money. It was the special project of W. W. Keeler, their current Principal Chief, who is one-sixteenth Indian and neither speaks the Cherokees' language nor participates in their social life; who was never elected Chief by the Indians but rather appointed, as a political favor, by the Secretary of the Interior; and who has used his position in Indian affairs to subtly benefit Phillips Petroleum, the giant Oklahoma oil company of which he is chairman, while the Cherokee fullblood lives in poverty.

The fortunes of the Cherokee Nation have changed drastically since the days of John Ross, along with the face of Indian Territory. But one thing has remained constant: there are still cowboys and Indians down here, and the Indians are still getting the worst of it.

[II]

THE SMALL RURAL TOWN of Talequah, Oklahoma, is filled with scenes that are vintage Americana: shopkeepers leaning diagonally in their doorways to gossip with passersby, slapping them roughly on the back at the conclusion of a joke; grizzled old men in bib overalls and straw hats sitting in rows in the town park, talking deliberately and occasionally rolling a cud of tobacco from one side of the mouth to the other, or bending down to shoot a stream of brown juice onto the ground; kids running through the humid evenings in pursuit of fireflies.

As you drive down the main street, it isn't hard to imagine scenes like these taking place a hundred years ago. But they didn't take place here, for a hundred years ago Talequah was the thriving capital of the Cherokee Nation. The county offices in the center of the park where the old men now congregate was the Capitol Building, constructed

by Peter Collier

Illustrations by Mike Bull

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in 1867; and the two old structures on nearby streets, both still in use, were the Cherokee Supreme Court Building and the National Prison.

The people of this part of Oklahoma do not deny that they stand on a solid stratum of Indian culture. Many even claim Cherokee blood to prove that they are not latecomers to the area. They will tell you stories about the Indians and direct you to landmarks like the new Cherokee Cultural Center a couple of miles outside of town. But if you ask about the Cherokees of today, you are likely to get an evasive reply about everybody being a mixed-blood down here, and a hand might wave vaguely toward the hills as the home of the few stubborn fullbloods who hang on.

OKLAHOMANS HAVE BUILT a myth which says that their Indians have been successfully integrated into the general population. For a while they had convinced not only themselves but almost everyone else as well. Then, in the mid-1960s, anthropologist Albert Warhaftig spent a year taking a census and found there were more than 10,000 Cherokees living in small communities scattered throughout the northeastern Oklahoma hills, where they had fled at the turn of the century to preserve their way of life. These are people who regard English as a language of foreign relations and about 40 per cent are functionally illiterate in it; they are strongly traditional in outlook and folkways, and their numbers are periodically augmented by another 2000 who live in nearby towns and small cities like Talequah but return to the hills for their communal life.

The pervasive notion of Indian assimilation, like other myths, performs a function: it allows the whites of Oklahoma to avoid coming to terms with the great damage they did to Cherokees in the past, and it allows them to continue that damage today. Thus the Cherokee fullblood, although his numbers are increasing and his communities are still viable, is always slipping farther down. The per family income of the Indians living in these hills and hollows averages less than $2000 a year. Their homes are typically log cabins or shacks built of odd-sized pieces of lumber sheathed in tarpaper. About 35 per cent of them have electricity; roughly seven per cent have inside plumbing and slightly more have supplies of pure water.

But the Cherokees are not only uncomfortable and poor; they are imprisoned in a system that keeps them at the bottom of the social ladder while it insists that they live there by their own choosing. The Indian children go to rural public schools which are as bad as the notorious Bureau of Indian Affairs schools and have an even worse record. Suffering a variety of humiliations, the children leave school early; a recent study by researchers from the University of Kansas shows that Cherokees have an average of about five years in school, which is three years less than their poor white neighbors and five years less than the state average. The economic implications are clear: the Indian occupies the lowest niche in his own economically depressed area and has little chance for work; but if he emigrates to a big city like Tulsa, he not only cuts himself off from the subtle life-support system of his community but also finds what urban unemployment is like from the vantage point of the ghetto.

W. W. Keeler

Throughout these small Cherokee communities the Indians take whatever work they can find, and it is not uncommon to see Indian women doing hard labor for white families at $3.00 a day, and their husbands working in nurseries or chicken processing plants for not much more. But gradually the capricious bounty of the welfare worker is beginning to replace the low wages of the rural white employer as the economy of this area. While Cherokees comprise about 12 per cent of the total population of this part of Oklahoma, they now make up more than 35 per cent of those on welfare. Better than half of the Indian families here are dependent on some kind of government assistance—old age, aid to dependent children, and the like—and the figure is rising. The government check has not only created a new economy in the backwoods, but is replacing land as the Indians' most easily swindled asset.

None of this should shock anyone familiar with the so-called "plight" of the Indian in America. What is surprising in Oklahoma is that despite all this evidence, the Cherokee is still socially invisible. Oklahoma whites believe that theirs is a society where people sink or swim on their own merits. What more do you want, they ask, than a place where an Indian like Bill Keeler can grow up to be head of one of the most powerful corporations in the world?

[III]

SITTING BEHIND A DESK in a well-furnished office and periodically checking with the mini-skirted Indian secretary in an outer office, Billy Bob Stopp, general manager of the Cherokee Nation and recently appointed as a deputy chief, says that things are getting better and better for the Cherokees and that for the first

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time this year the tribe will be operating out of the red. Noting in passing that his parents were fullbloods, the young, moon-faced Stopp, a graduate student in business administration at the University of Missouri when the general manager's job became vacant, says, "Our main goal is to take these Indian people off welfare and get them into decent jobs."

Stopp's office is in the main building of what they call "The Keeler Complex," a cluster of four buildings on a 40-acre tract the tribe owns just outside Talequah. In addition to the headquarters of the tribe, which leases a portion of its space to the local Bureau of Indian Affairs agency, there is an arts and crafts center selling Cherokee handcrafts, and a restaurant, the Restaurant o' the Cherokees, featuring an expensive menu and a large wood sculpture of W. W. Keeler encircled by the traditional symbolism of Cherokee leadership. The other component of the Keeler Complex is a tribally operated gas station flying the red Phillips *66* shield.

If there is a contrast between the luxury of this group of buildings and the poverty of the Cherokees living back in the nearby hills, between its air of industry and their imprisonment in an unrelenting caste system, the Indians themselves rarely see it. The people who come to the Keeler Complex are mainly whites—white tourists paying $10.00 for beaded medallions which took a Cherokee fullblood a whole day to make (and for which he got $3.00), and white officials coming and going from the BIA. Tribal Cherokees have no feeling for this headquarters, although at least it has acquainted them with the fact that there is a chief the white world recognizes as theirs.

WHEN KEELER, THEN A rising young executive at Phillips Petroleum, was first appointed Principal Chief in 1949 by President Truman (the fact the position is appointive was one of the provisions for the abolition of the Cherokee Nation's formal government), there wasn't any outcry. The title carried with it no power and was more ceremonial than anything else. Even though Keeler appointed an Executive Committee to act as a ruling oligarchy in tribal affairs it didn't matter, because this committee had no way of affecting the fullbloods. At the turn of the century, the Cherokees' communal lands had been broken up into individual allotments, and while the clique of mixed-bloods and whites of Indian descent who had taken control of tribal affairs got the rich agricultural flatlands, the fullbloods had pushed farther back into the hills. They had no reservation and were therefore not a captive constituency.

In 1961, however, an event occurred that changed things. The U. S. Indian Claims Commission, established to give Indian tribes cash compensation for lands stolen over the centuries, awarded the Cherokees $15 million for a strip taken from them in 1893. After attorneys' fees and the BIA's "offsets" for the services it had given the Indians over the years, a $280 per capita payment was made to the more than 40,000 people, most of them whites, who were either enrolled in the tribe in 1907, or their descendants. There was still more than $2 million left over because of fractional and unclaimed shares; and this became the "seed money" that Keeler and his Executive Committee needed to make their plans for the Cherokees come true.

First, the past was taken care of. State and federal funds were obtained to supplement $100,000 in tribal funds, and work on the Village and the amphitheatre housing the Cherokee drama began. The Cultural Center will ultimately include two more attractions: a museum and a Cherokee national archives. Also in the Nation's plan is the sum of $50,000 for the compilation of an official history of the tribe, and one of the members of Keeler's Executive Committee, former State Supreme Court Justice N. B. Johnson (who was impeached for taking bribes), has been doing some preliminary research work.

Keeler's government also has plans for the Indians' future, which is to depend on the success of a program of development through private enterprise. The tribal headquarters ring with earnest talk about industry and capital, about contract negotiations and proper worker relations. Billy Bob Stopp is in charge of the day-to-day management of Cherokee money, and he sees his main task as superintending the growth of the local GNP. "We want to do things with the Nation's money," he says, "things that will get the ball rolling and bring industry into the area. One of the things we are willing to do is loan our funds to businesses at the lowest going rate of interest so they'll come in here and set up shop. We make a gentleman's agreement that there'll be some Indians hired." He notes that the tribe has recently loaned $60,000 to Stephens Manufacturing Company, a local firm making heating equipment; and $150,000 to Glassmaster Plastics, a company making fiberglass boats in the small town of Grove.

THE CHEROKEES' ENTRANCE into the business world is intimately tied to Chief Keeler's own relationship with Phillips, and it has been carried forward with the assistance of Marvin Franklin, appointed by Keeler to be Phillips's Director of Special Projects. Franklin not only helps the Cherokee Nation with its enterprises but also sits on the board of directors of the Navajo Timber Company and journeys to reservations all over the country, helping Indians develop economically in partnership with private enterprise.

From his office in Phillips's Bartlesville headquarters, Franklin, talking with the rough geniality of this region, says that Phillips is committed to helping all minorities. "We have the philosophy that we ought to do what we can to bring development to those places that are behind." And as far as the Cherokees are concerned, Franklin feels that the two loans already made to local companies represent a step in the right direction.

But for him the big development is the Cherokee Industries, a tribally operated business. He draws a small electronic assembly from his desk and holds it god-like in the palm of his hand. "This was the beginning about a year ago," he says, putting it down and producing a bigger one with more complicated wiring. "And now they're making these." He tells how he negotiated a contract for the Cherokee Industries with Western Electric, which is now buying all the assemblies they can make. "Now we've got 80 employees out there, and each one of them gets five

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shares of stock at Christmas. They own the whole thing. It gives you a real thrill to see how quickly they pick up on business. Anybody who says that Indians can't do it is all wrong." Franklin, who was elected board chairman of Cherokee Nation Industries, mentions that another contract was recently arranged to do carpet cutting for American Airlines, and that Phillips itself—through Phillips Products, a subsidiary making plastic pipe—now has a plant in the nearby town of Pryor where three-quarters of their employees are Cherokee. Passing under the color photograph, just outside his office, of Chief Keeler dressed in a ceremonial headdress and a red-and-white beaded jerkin, Franklin says that this industrial development is the wave of the future for America's Indians.

BUT AS IS SO OFTEN the case where Indians are concerned, the reality is far less rosy than the picture that is painted. And so, the two operations to which the tribe has loaned a total of $210,000 of Cherokee money now employ respectively five and 14 Cherokees at an average wage of less than $2.00 an hour. The Cherokee Nation Industries does have a working relationship with Western Electric, but of the 83 employees Franklin mentions, less than half are full-time and only 25 are men, the favoring of women disrupting the ecology of the Indian family. As for the contract with American Airlines, so far seven people are employed cutting carpet, and the operation takes place behind the Restaurant o' the Cherokees in a large, deserted warehouse originally built for a South Carolina textile company that was to come and employ hundreds of Cherokees, but which came and left.

The Phillips Products plant at the small town of Pryor is not much more encouraging. According to O. E. Larsen, plant manager, 40 of the 60 employees are indeed Cherokees, although none are in supervisory positions. But the motives for hiring these Indians are far less altruistic than Franklin leads one to believe. "We hire Indians here because of Mr. Keeler's interest in them," Larsen says. "But also because it makes good economic sense." The Indians come to Phillips on the Bureau of Indian Affairs employment assistance program, which means that while they are "learning the trade" for up to 18 months, as much as one-half of their wages is paid by the government. In addition to this wage subsidy, the Indians are a naive and fairly docile labor force. "Your minority people," Larsen notes, "they aren't so transient. There are a lot of Indians living in this area with their families and all, and you know they aren't going to pick up and leave. I mean, if you train up a group of them, they aren't likely to go running off to a place like Chicago hunting a better-paying job with the skills you've given them. We hire a lot of Indians here because we have the kind of jobs they qualify for because of their lack of education. Now if we had a lot of jobs paying $4.00 or so an hour, you'd see our ratio of Indians to white workers flop right on over."

It is not only among the Cherokees that the claim of private enterprise to have a solution for the nation's Indian problem has been inflated. There have been an estimated 10,000 jobs created by industries located on reservations, but less than half of them—and those always the lowest-paying and most menial—have been filled by Indians. Businesses have come to the reservation surrounded by a halo of rhetoric. Often they obtain lucrative employment-training contracts given with the tacit understanding that the business will set up an ongoing operation after the contract is over; but they rarely do. Instead they move on to a new contract at the next reservation, leaving behind them Indians who finally become qualified in several occupations but have nowhere to work. What makes it bad here in Oklahoma is not only that Keeler uses the Indians as a public relations lacquer for Phillips, or even that the disappointing relationship with industry is financed with Cherokee money, but that the Cherokees have no opportunity to decide how development of their area should proceed. And as all these quests after industry are taking place—some of them cynical, others simply quixotic—the real problems of the Indian people fester and become worse.

IN FACT, TO AN uneducated observer it would almost seem that the tribal government is countenancing these problems. There is, for example, its close cooperation with the Bureau of Indian Affairs. As Billy Bob Stopp says, "We have a pretty good relationship with the BIA out here. If we have a gripe, we sit down with businessmen and talk things over." But while these presumably amiable discussions are going on, the BIA continues to allow the full-bloods' precious lands—their only connection with the past and their only hedge against the future—to slip away at the rate of over 5000 acres a year. And while Billy Bob Stopp insists that something must be done to get Cherokees off welfare, the tribal government joins the BIA in watching over the Cherokees, engaging in threats to declare them incompetent or to send their children to orphanages.

The tribe also participates in some programs whose aims are good but whose long-range effect could be damaging. It is, for example, involved with HUD and the BIA in what is called a "mutual help housing program." Under this plan, the Indian can apply for a new home, donating one acre of his land for a homesite and 500 hours of his labor to help in the construction. He gets a three-bedroom house valued at $15,000 and a "sweat equity" of $1500. He pays the balance off in monthly payments (although the actual value of the home is about $10,000 and the rest represents "administrative costs"). The title for the home and homesite rests with the housing authority until the balance is paid off, and if the Indian doesn't make minimum equity payments as well as take care of upkeep, the housing authority can pay out the money and charge it to his equity account. According to Tom Tribby, Housing Officer for the BIA, "If the equity ever falls below ten per cent of the value of the home, it can legally be taken over by the housing authority and sold." There are also pressures in this program to get the Indian to sell his allotment in the hills (once valueless but now of increasing importance to the State's plans for artificial lakes and recreational development) and move into tracts near towns. "We encourage the Indians," Tribby says, "to think about coming down closer to town where they can build their home and work into a job."

Ultimately, the tribal government is as insensitive to the Indians' needs and desires as the Bureau of Indian Affairs

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—seeing them as clock-punching workers, cogs in the wheels of industry, decent citizens or some other Anglo abstraction. The Cherokees have no chance to develop in ways dictated by communal plans and priorities, and for them Keeler's government is just another foe to be wary of. But it is doubtful that the Principal Chief knows of the depth of their suspicion. For not only is he isolated by birth and background from the Indians he insists on governing; like all men of power he surrounds himself with people whose only real job is to tell him good news.

C. C. Carshall, Deputy Area Director of the BIA, says of the Chief of the Cherokees, "Mr. Keeler is a very compasionate man. He has more compassion for the common people than anyone I've ever met. And he is doing wonders out there. These Cherokees couldn't have a better man. Not even if they could elect him."

Billy Bob Stopp says with sincere admiration, "I think Mr. Keeler is the man of the century for the Cherokee people. This thing is really getting off the ground now, and by the time it's all over, I think Bill Keeler is going to rank right up there with Will Rogers as one of the great Cherokees."

[IV]

NOT EVERYONE BOWS and scrapes before the Cherokees' Chief, of course. Armin Saeger, for instance, presently a social worker in Tulsa, once ran afoul of Keeler when he was working for the U.S. Department of Public Health's Indian hospital in Talequah. Saeger noticed that the Cherokees coming out of the hills were suspicious of the hospital and alienated by some of its routines, so he helped establish a hospital committee comprised of fullbloods selected by various congregations of the Cherokee Baptist Church, which functions as the core of the social life in the fullblood communities. The innovation was very successful and became an example which Indian hospitals and health services elsewhere were encouraged to imitate. But then, with no warning at all, Saeger was informed by his supervisor that he was to be transferred and had 24 hours to select a new assignment.

"I later found out," he reminisces, "that Keeler felt his authority had been challenged by this hospital committee, small as it was. The director of the hospital admitted to me that Keeler had ordered them not to meet with the committee anymore, but only with the official representatives of the tribe, by which he means *his* representatives. He also made his feelings known to the higher-ups in the public health department." Fingering his luxuriant beard, Saeger adds, "I was still shaving then, and I figured that I wouldn't be able to look myself in the face if I took reassignment, so I quit altogether. But I've been involved in Indian affairs since then, and I've never run into anything like this situation with Keeler. He seems to be afraid that these Cherokees will get a chance to make up their own minds about something. Down here the BIA is the same bureaucracy of fear that it is on all reservations, but the difference is that the BIA—like everything else—is subservient to a higher authority. And that's W. W. Keeler."

But by far the bitterest critic in the small anti-Keeler underground is a doughty 70-year-old woman named Mildred Ballenger who lives in Talequah with her husband, a retired professor of history who taught at the local college and whom Keeler once tried to cajole into updating the official Cherokee genealogy. Mrs. Ballenger, who counts herself close to half-Cherokee and has an album of sepia-toned photographs of a grandmother who was six when she came across the Trail of Tears, has been involved in Cherokee affairs for a long time. In 1953, Keeler appointed her to his Executive Committee and she went to its irregular meetings until the claims settlement was made. Then she found herself in violent disagreement with the uses to which the Indians' money was being put, and quit working with the Principal Chief.

"The Indians out there in the hills," she says, "I mean the real Indians—not the old white-faced Indians like me, but the fullbloods who are the only Cherokees left now culturally and socially—they are the ones who could have used that money. Even if all the things that Keeler and his bunch have done—building restaurants and Villages and industries and all that—ever makes any money, which they won't, these fullbloods wouldn't get a dime of it or have any voice in the way it got spent. I know that."

In 1968, when Senator Robert Kennedy's Subcommittee on Indian Education held field hearings in Oklahoma, Mrs. Ballenger was one of the most impressive witnesses. For a while afterwards she and others hoped something might come of the visit, but now she realizes that Keeler is even more powerful than she had imagined, and that she and her husband are "getting too old." Thus she spends some time helping fullblood friends like Polly Bear, whom she grew up with, work through the obstacle course of regulations and prohibitions the BIA sets up in front of their life and death decisions. Otherwise she doesn't get too involved. "One of the things you've got to say about Keeler," Mrs. Ballenger says, "is that he's real smooth. I remember once after we had an Executive Committee meeting up there in Bartlesville, he said to me about something, 'Now Mildred, you know you can catch a whole lot more flies with honey than you can with vinegar.' So you've got to realize that if things don't look too bad down here, it's probably because you can't see them. Underneath all the sweet talk about development and industry and all, these Cherokees are getting all smothered—with power, with Oklahoma politics, and with big business. We've tried, but how do you go about fighting a man like W. W. Keeler? How do you fight Phillips Petroleum?"

It is difficult, especially in the heavy political climate of Oklahoma, to imagine anyone even thinking that Keeler's hammerlock on the Cherokees can be broken. But there is one organization for which Mildred Ballenger's questions are practical ones. This is a group of fullbloods called the Original Cherokee Community Organization who have banded together to become the fly in Chief Keeler's ointment.

[V]

YOU CAN'T HELP BEING struck by the difference in style between the OCCO and the tribe's "official" government. Instead of panelled offices with secretaries and receptionists, the Original Cherokee Community Organization rents a cramped two-room store-

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front off one of Talequah's main streets and has a staff of three, a mimeograph machine, and a white attorney. The OCCO has no money to loan out to industries, but it manages to scrape up enough to survive as a legal aid organization for the traditional Cherokees and as a sort of tribal government in exile.

George Groundhog, an energetic 57-year-old, was elected chairman in 1968 by the fullbloods living in the hills who make up OCCO's constituency. A veteran of both World War II and Korea, Groundhog spends most of his time on the go, arranging community meetings at congregations of the Cherokee Baptist Church, driving Indians to appointments, and hoping for a time when the OCCO will have the leverage to challenge Keeler's government and deal with the rural Oklahoma power structure that causes the Cherokees endless misery.

The Original Cherokee Community Organization is the product of a renaissance that materialized almost overnight in the fullblood communities in the mid-1960s. One impulse was a celebrated case which began when a Cherokee named John Chewie was picked up and jailed in one of the outlying rural towns for shooting a deer out of season. For the Indians of Oklahoma (as for those in the State of Washington and elsewhere in the rural United States), the hunting and fishing issue is more than an academic question about whether rights guaranteed in every treaty ever made between the red man and the white government were going to be honored. For people living at a subsistence line, it is more a question of whether or not there will be meat on the table; and so, on the day John Chewie was scheduled to come to trial, the traditionally mild Cherokees sent a shiver of fear through rural Oklahoma by starting to filter into town in their pickups, looking suddenly quite dangerous, armed with the rifles and shotguns they used out of season and without licenses to help feed their families.

At roughly the same time as the Chewie case, another ingredient that was to help produce the OCCO was moving into action. This was a small team of University of Chicago researchers who came to northeastern Oklahoma to test a hypothesis about trying to increase literacy in a people's native language as a way of increasing their literacy in English. They chose the Cherokees for the study because not only had the institutions of the past—the Cherokee Nation's famous school system and its government—decayed after statehood, but the once-high literacy in written Cherokee had also shrunk to the point that only ministers in the Cherokee Baptist Church used it; moreover, almost half the adult Cherokees in the area were functionally illiterate in English.

As part of their study, this project set up a new Cherokee newspaper, printed a Cherokee primer and some bilingual reading material and helped initiate a radio program in Cherokee. Their work began to take on an activist quality that caused Keeler and others to fire off angry letters to Washington and had some of the local rednecks grumbling ominously about Indian-lovers. For as their language suddenly came into play again, it was as if the Cherokees began to think about the days when they had controlled the destiny of the Nation, speaking through John Ross and other great leaders. Soon there were community meetings which had a new tone of militance; and soon some of the Talequah merchants were painting signs in Cherokee on their store windows.

In the wake of the Chewie case and the excitement generated by their resurrected language, the OCCO was formed in 1967 with a small continuing grant from the Field Foundation. Stuart Trapp, a white civil rights attorney from Memphis who had come to Oklahoma to consult in Chewie's defense, stayed on as the OCCO's lawyer.

TRAPP AND I TALKED over the din of his old Volkswagen bus on the way from Talequah to the Muskogee law library, a 37-mile trip he makes several times a month because OCCO cannot afford a basic set of law reference books.

He mentioned some of the people who come in for help and some of the cases OCCO has gotten involved in, notably the "big" Groundhog vs. Keeler suit filed in 1969 to challenge the whole basis of the present tribal government, but which was cursorily dismissed by a local judge and is now languishing on appeal. Most cases are much less dramatic but more indicative of the real problem. For instance, Trapp mentioned a case involving welfare checks in a small town. The general store had burned down, and with it the post office branch located inside. The storeowner gave the Indians credit at the end of the month at high interest rates. He counted, as they did, on the prompt arrival of the welfare checks in the mail. "So this man," says Trapp, through teeth clenching a big-bowled pipe, "gets the postmistress to give him the checks and he goes through the community getting the Indians to endorse them over to him. Some of them refuse, and then he goes and gets the local sheriff to drive him around and help enforce the collection."

He talked of the O'Fields case, involving a Cherokee named Joe O'Fields who had a 160-acre allotment, as well as several children for whom he was getting monthly aid-to-dependent children payments. Using the 40-acre rule (a state law which says that nobody with more than 40 acres can be eligible for assistance), the welfare department had cut him off. Because this law results in the forced sale of much Indian land, the OCCO decided to make a test case out of it. "We began by trying to get a hearing at which we could subpoena the area director of the BIA," Trapp says. "We wanted to make him testify about how the Cherokees feel about their land, what it really represents to them and how it is connected with their being Indians. We wanted to make the simple point that Indians and whites aren't the same, especially when it comes to land—that is, that Indians don't believe land is something you speculate with, and to apply this 40-acre rule to them the same as to whites was totally arbitrary and wrong."

Trapp wasn't allowed to force the BIA to testify, and the O'Fields suit was dismissed by the same local judge who had dismissed Groundhog vs. Keeler, although it too is on appeal. But Trapp brings it up for a different reason. "One night we had this old Cherokee woman out to dinner. She was going to be one of our witnesses in the O'Fields case because she had once been forced to sell 120 of her 160 acres for a very low sum of money and then spend it all before she could get welfare. Anyway, after we'd agreed

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about her testimony and she was getting ready to leave, she looked up at us and said kind of quietly, 'I'll talk for you in court tomorrow, but do you think then they'll take away my $40 a month welfare?' I've gotten hardened, I guess, but my wife just broke out in tears."

Cases like these fill Stuart Trapp's files, and George Groundhog talks to people with similar problems every day. The Original Cherokee Community Organization doesn't have the resources to help all the Indians who ask for help or need it. But the organization is still the Cherokees' only protection against the parasites and predators who work all around them. It is also the fragile umbrella under which Cherokee nationalism now huddles. As such, it is vulnerable. As Mildred Ballenger points out: "If Keeler could get rid of Trapp and the OCCO—and you can bet he's been trying—then he'd have these Indians totally powerless and dependent. Which is the way he wants them."

[VI]

"OH, I SUPPOSE THIS OCCO group has managed to mislead a few Indians," W. W. Keeler shrugs from his executive suite perched high in Bartlesville's new Phillips Building, "but it doesn't have but a few people behind it now, this white civil rights man named Trapp and a few others. Anyway, it is just another case of outsiders trying to direct the Indian. It first got started when some university people came down here to teach our Indians their language. I was all for that. But then the first thing you know, I started getting these phone calls saying that these outsiders were telling Indian people to be militant and carry guns."

The 18 floors of the Phillips Building make it the tallest building in town, and from the giant windows that wrap around Bill Keeler's office you can see the whole of Bartlesville Valley, the historic valley where Oklahoma oil was first discovered and where the old wooden derrick of the Nellie Johnstone, the first big well, still sticks up above a line of trees. It is hard to believe that a group of Indians could be important to a man in Keeler's place. It is not just the prestige of being the head of Phillips Petroleum and the $280,000 a year salary; it is the fact that Keeler sits at the throttle of real power in this office. In this town of 40,000, where one out of every six people is a Phillips employee, Keeler is a household word. He owns a beautiful home in town and a large working ranch just outside the city. The street the Phillips Building faces is named after his grandfather, a friend of Jake Bartles, the man who watched the mill he built on the Big Caney River in the 1880s grow into a town. Keeler agrees that this is enough. "What the hell," he says with a deprecating look turning down the corners of his mouth, "I could be a despot in a teapot down there at the tribe. But why? What do I need with that kind of power?"

In the business articles about Phillips Petroleum where 63-year-old William Wayne Keeler is mentioned, his degree of Indianness veers between "fullblood," "half-Indian" and "of Cherokee descent." The truth is that he is one-sixteenth Indian by blood quantum and not Indian at all by any other criterion. Rather, he is one of Oklahoma's biggest cowboys, the descendant in spirit and fact of the whites who overran Indian Territory and took away from the Indians, to whom it had been given in payment, sacred lands where their ancestors were buried.

Both of Keeler's grandfathers were pioneers in this part of Oklahoma and were intimately involved in its development. His mother's father, Nelson Carr, came here in the 1860s and opened the first trading post in the area, exchanging calico and coffee for furs which he sent to Kansas. In 1867 he married a woman who was one-eighth Cherokee and a member of the tribe, remarrying her a year later before a justice of the Cherokee Nation so that he too could become a member of the tribe and obtain an allotment of land. Carr decided to put modern farm techniques to use in the area, and began buying up all the Indian land he could get. At one time he had 5000 acres under fence, but after oil was discovered he leased out his land to drillers, having at one time 100 producing wells.

Keeler's paternal grandfather was George Keeler, who also married a one-eighth Cherokee and was one of the first to pump oil out of Oklahoma. When oil was discovered in the late 1880s, Keeler had decided to form an exploring company and he went to Talequah to get the Cherokee Nation to lease him over 200,000 acres. He then went to Washington and got Interior Secretary Hitchcock to agree to his plans for drilling, and then to Nebraska, where he convinced Michael Cudahy, the meatpacking mogul, to provide backing for the enterprise. In 1897 Cudahy hit the first big strike in Oklahoma, a well bringing in 150 barrels a day; six months later they hit the Nellie Johnstone, named after the wife of one of George Keeler's business partners. It was the first big strike in the area.

W. W. Keeler comes from people who built fantastic riches on the exploitation of Indians. It is only in retrospect, and in the wake of a frantic search for a worthy past, that such obsessive greed could be seen as heroic. But the fantasy has progressed one step further with Keeler deciding that he too is one of the Indians who was oppressed by his experience. But in his case the past is prologue to the present.

SOME OF KEELER'S ENEMIES insist that he has used his identification as an Indian as a cover for petty larceny against the Indians. Rumors circulate persistently about how Phillips has secret leases on tribally owned Cherokee lands which have been found to be rich in oil shale deposits. But this is not the way things work, at least not now that a patina of civilization has been added to the Oklahoma oil industry. And Phillips, with its success on the Alaskan North Slope and its recent strike in the North Sea, hardly needs to work such swindles on the Cherokees. But the corporation has gotten good mileage from its identification as an organization "concerned" about the first Americans. And it has gotten something more substantial from a chief executive officer who has become a public spokesman for the Indian and a friend of the people inside the Department of Interior who make decisions both about oil and about Indian Affairs.

There are intangibles. Over the years, Phillips has entered the foreign wars over oil with the advantage of having

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an important executive who could go abroad, not as one of the whites who exploited native peoples, but as a native exploited somewhat by his own country, as an Indian who understood the aspirations of Third World people and could be trusted more than the average American businessman. Keeler helped design Phillips's international department in the '50s, when the corporation was making its giant leap forward into foreign markets. And it was a program more sensitive to Third World feelings than were those of bluebloods of the oil industry like Standard, who were uncompromising over the issue of control. For Phillips has gladly given away majority interest to foreign partners in their operations abroad, and it is a technique that has paid off handsomely. As Keeler says, "We've always done good business in the Middle East. I've always felt that those Arabs could relate to me because they saw me in some way as being like them. That is, I was a *chief* and I had a *tribe*. And we haven't had too much trouble over there, outside of Algeria. Take Nasser. When the war with Israel came along, we were only out six days because Nasser owned better than half of our operation and was interested in the profits. You've got to give them part of it so it doesn't look like you're just milking their country. It makes good political and economic sense."

Keeler's identity as an Indian has involved him in governmental circles and he has been "loaned" to the Interior Department on several occasions. In 1952 Keeler worked as a deputy administrator of petroleum for defense in the Interior Department under Secretary Oscar Chapman. As the years went by and he became more prominent as a Cherokee, Keeler was called on to serve in other official and semi-official capacities. He admits casually that Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy both asked him to become Commissioner of Indian Affairs in their administrations. Although he turned them both down, he did convince Kennedy to name Phileo Nash. In 1961 Keeler served on a Special Task Force on the American Indian, and in 1963 Interior Secretary Udall asked him to head a committee studying the relations between the Alaskan natives and the Bureau of Indian Affairs. This assignment took Keeler to native villages throughout Alaska and he became known as something of an expert, enough for then Governor Hickel to call on him later to mediate certain disputes between the natives and the oil companies.

BUT THE RELATIONSHIP between Keeler and government hasn't always been so one-sided. In fact, midway through the Johnson Administration it became reciprocal enough to cause a mini-scandal. Involved was Phillips's desire to build a petrochemical plant in Puerto Rico, an undertaking which required that it get a special import quota. Earlier, Mobil and other companies had had similar requests turned down, but in 1965 Udall approved Phillips's plan. The oil import quota, according to sources in the oil industry, involved a ten-year value for Phillips of somewhere between $100 million and $225 million. And in the complex negotiations that led to approval for its package, Phillips was represented by former Secretary of the Interior Chapman, now a Washington attorney. Keeler also dispatched Phileo Nash, now a free-lance consultant on economic development, to Puerto Rico to assure the Puerto Rican government that the Phillips installation would involve natives in a maximum way and do minimum damage to the island's scenic beauty.

Clearly Phillips has not been hurt by the contacts Keeler has made in the course of his work inside the Interior Department and in Indian affairs generally. And while he has used his identity as an Indian with a degree of cynicism and an eye for corporate dividends, it is hard now not to feel that he has been called an Indian so often and been an Indian spokesman on so many occasions that he has begun to believe it. The Keeler Complex; the color photos of the Chief, steely-eyed and resplendent in his Indian headdress; the various displays of ego—they all seem to suggest this. He is a rather pleasant man and as you talk to him and watch him measure you covertly, while he alternates between saying "we" and "those Indians," you must wonder if he has pinned his hopes for immortality, not on being just another of the executives who have brought Phillips Petroleum to its current position as a giant of oil, but on being, as his Deputy Chief put it, a great Indian, the greatest since Will Rogers. If so, he is bound to be disappointed, for the Indians—the real Indians—will never buy it. Their sense of what is right will not allow it, and neither will their sense of humor. As fullblood Nathan Crittenden says in a slow drawl, munching on a wad of gum and stuffing envelopes in the OCCO office, "That Keeler come down here to see what the people really feel and he might go on back home up to Bartlesville without any hair."

[VII]

THE CHEROKEES ARE LIKE Indians everywhere in that they haven't yet disentangled themselves from the white man and his history. Over a hundred years ago they made a conscious decision to become "civilized" so that their white brothers would leave them alone; but this didn't save them. When they came here to Oklahoma they decided to withdraw to the remote hill areas; but the whites followed after them. And thus today they live under the thumb of rural white Oklahoma and beneath the shadow of the Phillips *66* shield.

The question of whether or not the Cherokees will outlast Bill Keeler and the others who use them was on my mind as I stopped at a cleared-off place in a field several miles outside Talequah. It was the Redbird Smith stompgrounds, named after a fullblood patriarch of the 1900s. It was empty now, the circle of old log buildings totally deserted and nobody for miles around. Later in the summer there will be Indians here from all around this part of the country; there will be cars parked everywhere and the smell of frying food in the air. Indian women will strap shakers on their legs made of the shells of the small terrapins infesting this region, and they will do an old dance.

The culture this dance helps renew has been under attack for a long time. It is hard for any white really to appreciate what makes it so valuable. But I remembered Al Wahrhaftig's definition of the difference between the whites down here and the Cherokee fullbloods: the one, he says, lives for himself; the other lives for his community.

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All For Vietnam

(Continued from page 27)

without honor holding to two convictions: that despite Johnson's retirement, despite the Paris talks, the U.S. aggression would continue; and that the anti-war movement should remain independent in the streets instead of placing itself at the disposal of "peace candidates." The Chicago confrontation was the peak in a year of demonstrations showing that any political leadership committed to staying in Vietnam would face domestic chaos and, ultimately, electoral defeat.

But at the same time we learned that in the face of chaos, "law and order" would be implemented long before withdrawal from Vietnam. Moreover, from Johnson's abdication we realized that America's stake in Vietnam took precedence over the personal fortunes of whoever happened to be President. The costs we were imposing on the American Establishment were real but (at least for a while) acceptable.

And with that discovery, radicalism came to an impasse.

Up to that point, and even today, most peace activists and radicals believe that Vietnam is a flaw—a terrible flaw—in the working of the American Empire, which could be repaired by a loud enough outcry of disagreement. Who would have believed that a supreme egomaniac like Lyndon Johnson would make winning the war more important than winning re-election? Who would have thought that with half the Senate and most of the press and public believing the war a "mistake," it would nevertheless continue to expand?

There has been a widespread failure to recognize in Vietnam the most serious international showdown of our time.

Radical intellectual theories about Vietnam, for example, have assumed that U.S. involvement is irrational—not in the sense liberals assert when they blame faulty Presidential advisers for our Vietnam commitment, but "irrational" in the sense that Vietnam is not in the "true interests" of corporate capitalism. In the radical view, America is ruled by a flexible corporate elite with many interests throughout the world. In this empire, Vietnam is a rather unimportant economic and political area (compared to India, Indonesia, Japan or Brazil). Since the corporate elite is concerned with the smooth over-all maintenance of empire, and not with the occasional loss of a small domino (the radical reasoning goes), our powerful gentry will cut their losses in Vietnam and dig in better elsewhere. In this view, the U.S. can withdraw to Thailand and India-Indonesia, keeping a forward base against China while consolidating its grip on richer possessions.

This world-view provided most of the operating assumptions of the major anti-war groups in the late Sixties—the Mobilization and the SDS—even though the two organizations were constantly at odds over strategy.

THE MOBE DID JUST what its name implied: it mobilized people to demand withdrawal from Vietnam. In most cases its demonstrations were large, legal and peaceful, designed to allow a variety of people to surface their opposition to Vietnam. Between mass mobilizations there were numerous attempts to do educational work among new constituencies, but local branches of the Mobe existed primarily to pull out people to rallies. The presence of ever larger numbers in the streets was effective

in several ways: first, it helped individuals feel they were not alone in opposing the war; second, it gave politicians and influential figures confidence that they could oppose the war without being crucified, which in turn legitimized dissent among larger numbers of people; and third, it gave encouragement to the Vietnamese revolutionaries while demoralizing the American military and the puppets they supported.

But eventually the underlying assumption—that decision-makers would end the war if enough widespread pressure was created—was proven inadequate by the government's repeated escalation. While its structure remains, the Mobe direction has blurred and support has waned since 1968.

The SDS radicals actually created the first national mobilization in the spring of 1965, but then very quickly shunned a leadership role in the anti-war protests because they did not believe in the "pressure" strategy. Their radicalism, however, often led in perverse and sectarian directions. They assumed the anti-war mobilizations would be deceptively "successful" because the American Establishment, sensing a bad investment in Vietnam, would use the anti-war sentiment as a popular basis for pulling out. The peace movement would be coopted in the process, used by a new set of politicians (Robert Kennedy) for their rise to power. The real issue, for SDS, was not Vietnam but the imperialist system which would continue beyond the withdrawal, a system which would strangle and threaten Vietnam (as the American blockade does Cuba) and other nations, until overthrown. In SDS language, there had to be an anti-imperialist movement able to muster resistance "seven wars from now."

In various local actions, SDS chapters made important anti-war contributions by their confrontations with recruiters and official spokesmen. But in the two major national confrontations against the war—at the Pentagon and Chicago—SDS stayed aloof and hostile until the sheer heat of the conflict persuaded them to participate.

The SDS outlook was clearer than the liberal and humanitarian politics of most of the movement, but it was a terribly

Photo: Film clip from "Far from Viet-Nam," a S.L.O.N. production.

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elitist view. Instead of regarding Vietnam as the crisis which would tear America apart and create conditions for domestic radicalism, a crisis which SDS would be deeply involved in resolving, they saw it more as an important issue for liberals.

THERE WERE OTHER strands of radicalism—the life-style, or cultural, rebellions—which were even further removed from the issue of the war. Taking Vietnam only as a symptom of what was wrong with the country, many chose to fight primarily against their own oppression as longhairs. They opted totally out of the anti-war movement into what would become the Woodstock Nation. To the early Merry Pranksters as well as to the later Yippies, the anti-war activists were "straight" or "too political" or "on a death trip," not in touch with their own oppression and therefore building no alternative to America. And so there developed a genuine alternative culture, but its outlook, until quite recently, has been that of revolution-for-the-hell-of-it, revolution-for-ourselves, "Dope, Rock 'n' Roll and Fucking in the Street," etc. Whatever impulse there has been in this culture against the war has had no outlet (except during Chicago) or has been channeled into a diffuse rage against America.

The women's liberation movement, too, has been through a long alienation from the issues of Vietnam and the Third World. Rebelling against male-dominated structures in the anti-war movement, and focusing primarily on their particular oppression, they have assumed that the problem of Vietnam would be solved by others.

Even during our Chicago trial, though it was aimed at the anti-war movement we could not generate a new level of interest in Vietnam. In our speeches we emphasized the government's attack on anti-war militants. We observed the Moratorium in court. We sent Bill Kunstler to Paris to obtain news of American prisoners held in North Vietnam. We supported the idea of a release of U.S. prisoners in exchange for Bobby Seale and Huey Newton . . . Yet Yippie theatrics and Judge Hoffman's personal quirks dominated popular consciousness of the trial. The same people whose nerves were deadened to the massive atrocity of Vietnam could be aroused by the relatively minor oppressiveness of our Chicago courtroom.

Paradoxically, the Vietnamese knew best that the trial was about the future of the anti-war struggle. Throughout Vietnam, people were concerned about our fate and, when we were jailed after the trial, our immediate release was demanded at the Paris peace talks.

GIVEN THE VACUUM of militant anti-war leadership, it was predictable that a group like Weatherman would reassert a revolutionary interest in Third World struggles. And the vacuum may also explain the extreme one-sidedness with which they would assert their politics.

Against the view that emphasized the stability and flexibility of imperialism, the Weathermen began with the view that the Vietnamese and other Third World peoples are winning; that imperialism is in its death throes. They advanced a fifth-column strategy, although cloaked in a hippie life-style and invoking Dylan and the Stones as well as Regis Debray and Lin Piao.

Their view: "The pump don't work 'cause the vandals stole the handle." The exclusive task of white radicals, in their view, is irregular warfare behind enemy lines inside American imperialism's fragile structure. Irregular, rather than conventional, guerrilla warfare, because the Weathermen are doubtful of ever achieving broad popular support inside the United States. They are essentially agents, John Browns, for the Third World revolution, with the goal of materially weakening imperialism by overextending its resources.

The immense contribution of the Weathermen has been in their assertion of internationalism and in their commitment

Produced by Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnès Varda, Claude Lelouch and Jean-Luc Godard.

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to give their lives, rather than lip service, in solidarity with Third World people. But the problem in their vandalism or fifth-column strategy is that it fails to embrace the legitimacy of other struggles against oppression: women's liberation, the cultural revolution, and so forth. Thus the Weathermen create a basic rupture between themselves and their natural base for revolution. The intertwined problem is that the Weathermen are underground by choice and necessity, thus cutting themselves off from any open leadership role in mass struggles against the war. They do not carry out the basic Vietnamese teaching that legal demonstrations, even activity by the liberal wing of the Establishment, can be more important on certain occasions than guerrilla attack.

So the liberal anti-war movement is trapped in electoral politics, the radical strategy is at an impasse, other revolutionaries have abandoned Vietnam for the issue of their own oppression, and a few people have gone underground. Clearly, we have come to the crossroads: either the Vietnamese people will win, or they will be maimed horribly in a larger war. Either we will stop this war, or we will live under an intolerable barbarism. *Our task: an all-out siege against the war machine. Our watchword: All for Vietnam.*

[WHAT IS TO BE DONE]

FIRST AND FOREMOST, we need an Emergency Consciousness about the real danger of further escalation. The only way the Vietnamese, the Cambodians and the Laotians can secure their national rights is if the U.S. government is prevented from enlarging the war to include China and the use of advanced chemical or nuclear weapons. We cannot rely on liberal politicians to initiate this alert. At most we can include them in a united front, but the strongest Emergency must be sounded by students on campuses like the University of California, where the bombs are being processed, by the scientists who know what is going on, by the local anti-war groups outside military institutions, and by all groups who are supposedly defending the Vietnamese Revolution. By forcing the government to answer in advance whether it is planning an ultimate genocidal blow, we can develop an international alarm which will make such an escalation far more difficult. We will also be laying the foundation for renewed militancy at home, since no tactics are too extreme in the face of this threat.

Second, Vietnam has become once more a leading priority for all groups struggling to change the country. It cannot be assigned to an anti-war movement that is no more than a bureaucratic skeleton which goes into motion several times annually. The practice of organizing *only* around one's particular oppression must be seen as self-indulgence in the face of what threatens Vietnam. It is also illogical because there are no Vietnamese inside this country, and therefore we have to speak for them.

Third, the Vietnam war should be linked always with the issues of racism and repression at home. There still are many who prefer to keep the issue of Vietnam "separate" for the purpose of drawing the greatest popular support. This political line is self-defeating for at least two reasons: it depresses and holds back the swiftly growing consciousness of hundreds of thousands of people who long ago were awakened to the war issue; and it neglects the obvious repression of the anti-war radicals and blacks who are being crushed precisely because they are causing difficulties for imperialism. If the Administration can gun down and silence Panthers, one might ask, why would that Administration have to worry about an unarmed and less disciplined peace movement?

Fourth, it is time for the core of the anti-war movement to intensify the struggle with the goal of "cutting the supply lines" that feed the war machine. It is all well and good to make "reaching larger numbers of people" the goal of organizing, but there comes a moment when time is running out, when there can be no more waiting for the Silent Majority or the Working Class to be taking the stand we have to take. It is time to ask what has become of the hundreds of thousands who have been mobilized in the past for orthodox demonstrations, but who are never called upon to do more than repeat those performances. Is our "lack of numbers" and "isolation" the problem, or is it the cynicism and defeatism of those who have given up on stopping the war machine?

The image of "cutting the supply lines" is meant to deflect focus away from politicians and towards the precious institutions that must run smoothly if this war is to go forward. Now is the time to cripple this machinery of war by extending the "siege of the Pentagon" from one end of the country to another. The revolt of black GIs—and many whites as well—is a prime example of the way to do it. Delegitimizing and shutting down ROTC, which supplies the junior officers, is another example. Preventing nuclear and chemical warfare research is another. We need to be assailing corporations doing Vietnam business, striking at the authority of every important individual and agency involved in Vietnam, exposing and identifying the Vietnam lobby as a group of war criminals, isolating, weakening and stopping their murderous program.

This siege strategy embraces both "mobilization" and "guerrilla" tactics. The immediate problem is not whether the tactics are too moderate or too militant. The problem is to recommit the energies of every sincere person for a last stand on Vietnam. The problem is to make people see that Vietnam is not a permanent part of the American Way of Life; it is a war with a dynamic leading to a showdown.

The only way to brush off our cynicism is to realize that we are not alone and isolated inside the United States. We should follow the war not as a "tragedy" but as a struggle in which the side of humanity is making a stand so heroic that it should shatter the hardest cynicism.

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS to gain strength for the struggle is to explore and measure the contribution of the Vietnamese people to ourselves and to the rest of the world. Developing this sense of internationalism means going beyond the conceptions of Vietnam offered by dove professors in the teach-ins. Their view, accepted widely in the anti-war movement, is that Vietnam is a case of "civil war" in which the U.S. should not have intervened. The notion of "civil war" suggests that there are several Vietnamese sides with different ethnic, religious and political backgrounds, all quarreling among themselves. The implication is that Vietnam always has had internal problems which should not be important to the U.S. government. There is no basis for solidarity with Vietnam in this view, only a basis for paternalistic regret.

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This kind of thinking hides from people a history which is both informative and stirring. What has happened in Vietnam is no more a "civil war" than the American Revolution was a "civil war." The fact that some Vietnamese have identified first with the French and now with the Americans is no more significant than the fact that some American colonists were linked to the British.

The real history of Vietnam is a history of successful revolution which the Western powers have been trying to erase for 25 years. The important fact about Ho Chi Minh's 1945 Proclamation of Independence is not that he quoted the American Declaration (which the doves constantly use to show how cooperation would have been possible with him) but that he declared the independence of his country. The basic conflict since that time has not been among the Vietnamese. The Diem government and the Thieu-Ky government were established by the U.S. and would fall without the U.S.: they have no significant roots among the Vietnamese people. The basic conflict is between the Vietnamese Nation and American Imperialism.

This Vietnamese Nation is a threat not only to American generals but to American professors and liberals, because of the revolutionary example it is establishing. The Vietnamese defy the military assumption that weapons can preserve America's power, and in their defiance revive a romantic revolutionary spirit that is supposed to be out of style.

In Vietnam the word "individualism" does not exist. The Vietnamese word that comes closest to individualism is "cannibalism." Their culture and their oppression have helped them approach the communist ideal of suffering, sharing and struggling together. In order to survive they have had to become brothers and sisters in everything *before* achieving the technology and abundance that is supposed to make such a socialist life-style possible.

Their age-old fight against foreign aggression makes struggle seem to be in their blood. Their existence, like that of Cuba and Korea, demonstrates not only that socialist and national liberation struggles can be joined; it demonstrates that the Modern Imperial Colossus can be fought and beaten by a small country with primitive technology.

THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE have fired the modern "shots heard round the world." They are defeating the United States in war, destroying the myth of American superiority.

In this triumph they have raised the spirit of millions of Third World people.

They have provided the triggering issue for the new student movements in Western Europe.

They have inspired black and brown people, and young white people, inside the United States itself.

More than any other people, they have come to represent the conscience of humanity. When Ho Chi Minh died he was the most revered statesman in the world.

And they have done all this alone. The initiative has been theirs. They began fighting and dying long before there was a peace movement in America. They fought despite the fact that their communist allies were impossibly divided.

If it seems embarrassing or fuzzy-headed to mention these truths in America, it is only because our country is an emotional wasteland too decadent to believe in being born again.

But if these truths continue to inspire greater numbers of Americans, the Vietnamese people will have to be thanked for a final gift: opening our eyes to our own history as a genocidal nation, and starting us on the road to our own revolution.

This article is an abridged chapter from Tom Hayden's The Trial, *to be published this fall by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. The rest of the book appeared in* RAMPARTS, *July 1970.*

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Back-of-the-Book

Books:

CORPORATIONS AND THE COLD WAR. *Edited by David Horowitz. New York: Monthly Review Press, 1969. $6.00.*

ONE OF THE STRIKING failures of the American Left has been its unwillingness to do the hard and specific research into exactly how the "system" which it rejects actually operates at home and abroad. An important beginning of such detailed and systematic inquiry is the new book edited by David Horowitz, *Corporations and the Cold War,* a collection of essays by six distiguished authorities in the field.

Two of the essays in the Horowitz volume—William Appleman Williams's "The Large Corporation in American Foreign Policy" and Lloyd C. Gardner's essay on the New Deal—provide the necessary historical background for understanding the roots of the current American policy. It is especially rewarding to have in one brief space an overview of the development of modern American imperialism by Professor Williams, its most eminent historian. Williams's piece includes an appreciative mention of the vigorous attempt by the much abused "isolationist" Senator Robert A. Taft to block America's launching of the Cold War. Many readers will be startled at his bracketing of Taft with Henry A. Wallace, with Taft appearing as a far more thoroughgoing anti-imperialist than his "left-wing" counterpart.

Professor Gardner, a distinguished student of Williams, is our most important critic of the New Deal, demonstrating the continuity of New Deal imperialism in the 1930s and '40s and on into the Cold War. I was particularly interested in Gardner's point that the Roosevelt Administration was worried about Russia as early as the fall of 1941, and strongly opposed a projected Anglo-Russian treaty which would have given Russia a free hand in Eastern and Central Europe after the war. (More of Gardner's work on the New Deal can be found in his critically important *Economic Aspects of New Deal Diplomacy* (1964).)

I HAVE TWO disagreements with Williams's essay. One is his deprecation of the "Anti-Imperialist" opposition movement to the Spanish-American War. While it is true, as Williams point out, that William Jennings Bryan was almost as imperialistic as Teddy Roosevelt, this was not true for the laissez-faire wing of the Anti-Imperialists, led by such exponents as William Graham Sumner and Boston businessman Edward Atkinson, a veteran abolitionist and financial backer of John Brown. Atkinson went so far as to mail pamphlets to American soldiers in the Philippines, calling upon them to mutiny; the pamphlets were confiscated by the U.S. Post Office. Secondly, Williams adopts the view that the intercorporate struggles were waged between the "industrialists" and the "bankers," with the former gradually winning out. I believe instead that Lenin's view was correct then and continues to be correct now: namely, that the corporate ruling class is an amalgam of industry and finance, with the banks aiding the owning rich in exercising their ownership rights in the industrial corporations. The "banker" Morgans own and control large sections of U.S. industry, while the "industrialist" Harrimans operate through the banking house of Brown Brothers, Harriman. And in which slot would one place the Rockefeller family? Surely as industrialists, and yet exercising much of their control through the Chase Manhattan Bank and other large financial institutions.

The ways in which corporate institutions have been making foreign policy are treated in articles by Professors G. William Domhoff and David Eakins. Domhoff, who gave us our most important sociological study of the ruling elite in his *Who Rules America?* (1967), here presents a most welcome analysis of the specific corporate elites and how they make foreign policy through transmission belts like the Council on Foreign Relations, and through their roles on the National Security Council. Eakins, applying his extensive research on corporate liberal service agencies, shows the crucial role played by the Committee for Economic Development and the Twentieth Century Fund in establishing and operating the foreign aid and other postwar foreign economic programs. It is a measure of our progress from Old Left to New that these outfits, once praised as "progressive" and "enlightened," are now seen to be the crucial resource organizations for the creation and operation of our corporate state.

THE DOMHOFF AND EAKINS pieces are, in a sense, the heart of the book, for they are the ones which, above all, identify the specific means by which the corporate elite establishes and controls American foreign policy. One point on the Eakins article: In his clear and incisive study of the corporatist creation of the Marshall Plan, Eakins (a) omits mention of the Committee of One Thousand for the Marshall Plan, an interesting ad hoc committee of virtually every leading banker and export industrialist in the country, which took out full-page ads in the New York Times and elsewhere and helped push the Marshall Plan through a rather recalcitrant and conservative Congress; and (b) while properly pointing up the leading

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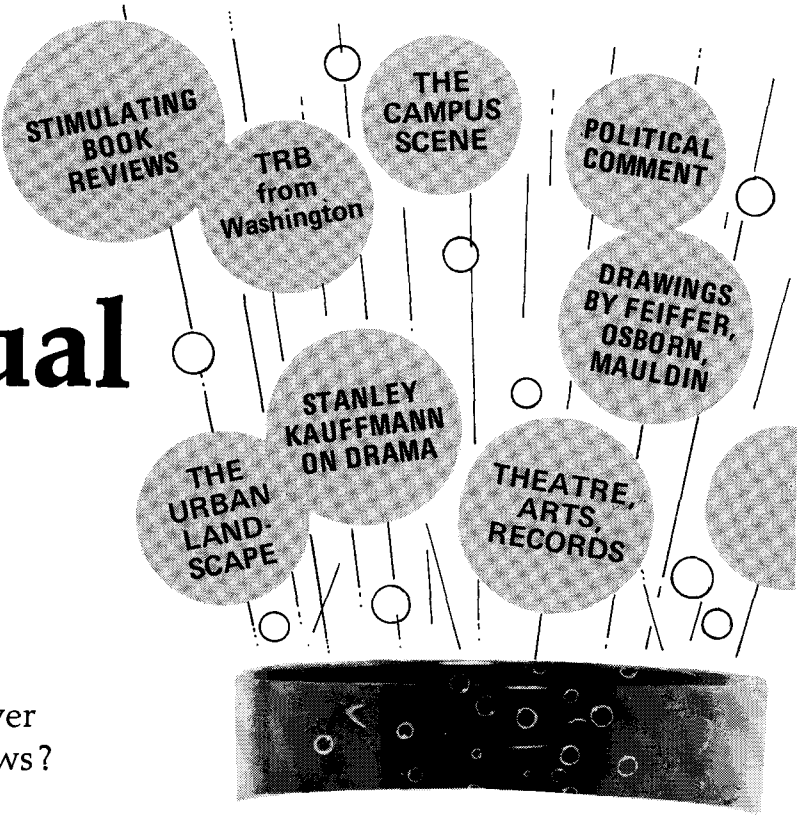

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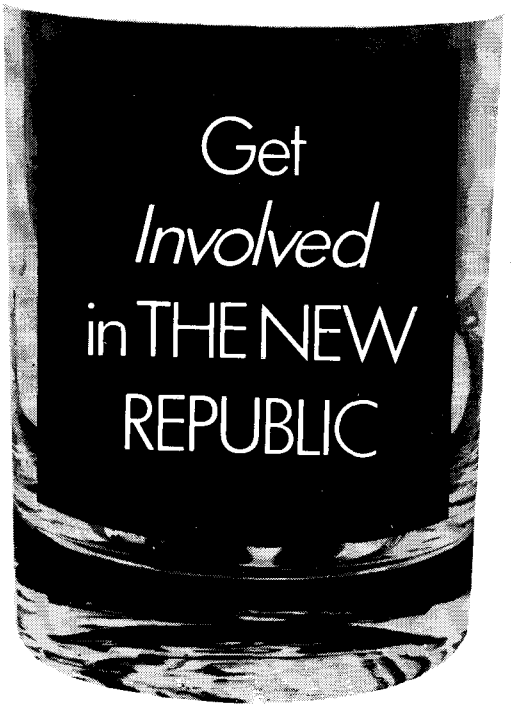

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role of Undersecretary of State William L. Clayton in creating and pushing through the Marshall Plan, Eakins neglects to mention that Clayton subsequently resigned his post to take up his accustomed perch as head of Anderson, Clayton and Co., one of the nation's largest cotton brokers, which promptly received a multi-million dollar cotton contract from the Marshall Plan administration. This is not to fault Eakins, but simply to indicate how much research on the ruling class remains to be done.

The last two pieces in the volume deal not with the *causes* of the Cold War, but with its *consequences* in militarizing and monopolizing the American economy. Joseph D. Phillips shows the crucial importance of military expenditures in the present American economy, as well as the effect of military contracts in increasing the concentration of industry. He also discusses the resulting interpenetration of big business and government, as well as the rise of the "multi-national" corporation. While several books have been written on this subject, it is most useful to have the facts summarized here. Charles E. Nathanson makes an important contribution in demonstrating, industry by industry, that the impact of military production on industry in general has been far greater than most economists believe. Research and development resources have been channeled even more heavily into military paths.

In sum, in an area marked by extreme paucity of material, this relatively brief and inexpensive volume ties together all the important threads of inquiry into American corporate imperialism: its history, mode of operation and consequences. *Corporations and the Cold War* is an indispensable volume and ought to find a place on every anti-imperialist bookshelf.

—MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

MINIMIZING RACISM IN JURY TRIALS. *Edited by Ann Fagan Ginger. National Lawyers Guild, $7.00 (paper).*

YALE PRESIDENT Kingman Brewster recently confessed to having doubts that any black revolutionary can get a fair trial in this country. As a practicing lawyer, I have found that securing a fair trial is difficult for *any* black defendant, militant or not, in civil as well as criminal cases.

The problems of black people in our "color-blind" judicial system involve much more than merely jury prejudice. But focusing on the question of the jury, as the National Lawyers Guild's book, *Minimizing Racism in Jury Trials,* does, tells much about the system as a whole.

Jury lists are typically made up from voter registration rolls, on which blacks are represented in disproportionately low numbers. Economic hardship further excludes a disproportionate number of blacks from jury duty. Those black people who do appear in the final group of prospective jurors, the *venire,* can usually be kept off the jury by means of peremptory challenges for which no reason need be given. Thus it is common for all or most black people to be eliminated from many criminal trials involving black defendants. Theoretically the prosecuting attorney has an ethical duty to seek fair and impartial justice, rather than a particular verdict, but in practice most prosecuting attorneys are verdict oriented, and they act accordingly.

RACISM, conscious and unconscious, is so ingrained in America that the ability of any white person—indeed any person who has not lived a black experience—to understand the style of life and speech, the attitudes or the mores, the conduct or the motives of a black litigant or witness, is highly suspect. The actual composition of most juries is primarily elderly, suburban housewives, businessmen, retired military—all of whom are even less able than some other segments of white society to empathize with the average poor (and often young) black who appears before our courts.

The task of the defense lawyer in this situation is difficult. One tries to obtain a jury which includes black and brown jurors. So much is obvious. With the potential white jurors one tries to expose and assess the racial biases that exist by the process of questioning prospective jurors (called the *voir dire).* In the few minutes allowed, the defense counsel's task is to get inside the minds of the succession of individuals who may eventually pass

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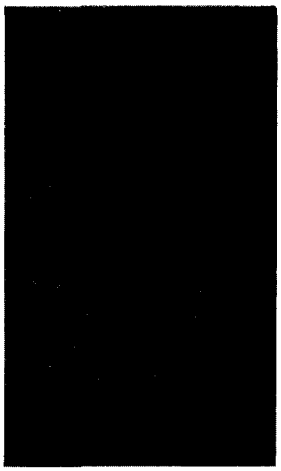

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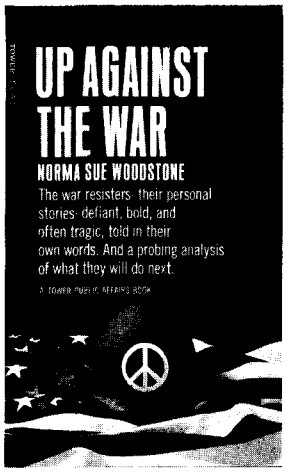
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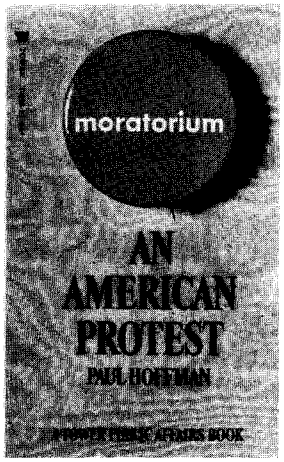

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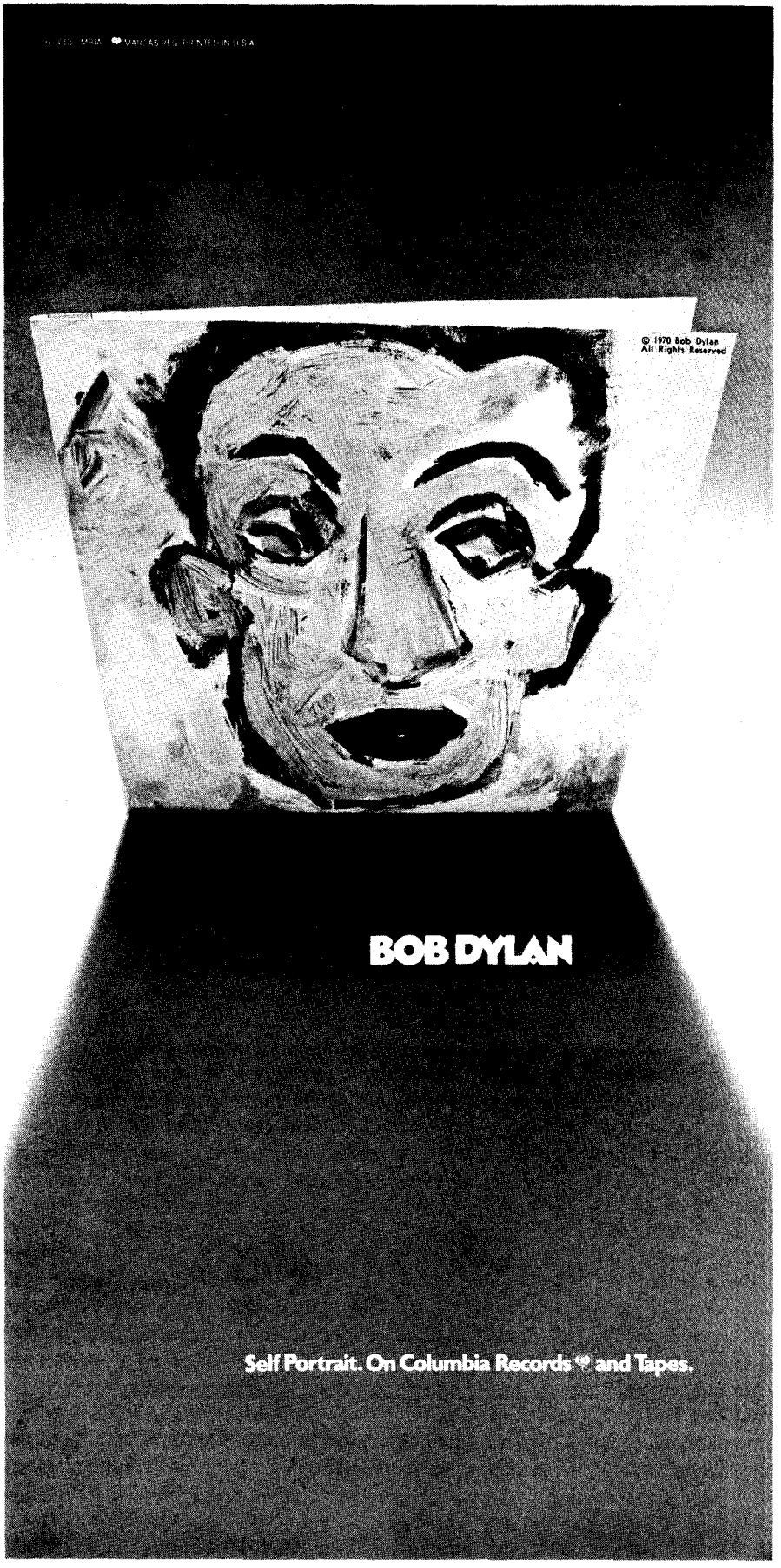

judgment on his client. Any one of them might be the juror who holds out against the majority to prevent conviction (or acquittal). Any one might be the strong personality who forges the final verdict.

THE 1968 TRIAL OF Black Panther Party leader Huey P. Newton on the charge of murdering a white Oakland, California, policeman ended in a verdict (since reversed on appeal) of guilty of the lesser offense of voluntary manslaughter. This constituted acquittal on the more serious charge of murder pressed by the prosecution. Given the community attitudes in Oakland, such a verdict can only be seen as a relative victory and a tribute to the great skill of defense attorney Charles Garry, who conducted in that trial a classic *voir dire* examination dealing with the problem of racism. *Minimizing Racism in Jury Trials* deals with the questioning and selection of that jury; it illuminates the care and skill, and the art, of that penetrating search for a jury of Mr. Newton's peers.

It is difficult for a book about law to be tolerably accurate, yet understandable to laymen. Lawyers have succeeded in shrouding their profession in mystical incantations and Latin gobbledygook. This book, with its unusual legal clarity, goes far toward lifting that veil to expose the political realities that lie beneath.

Reading Charles Garry's questions to the prospective jurors in the Newton case, many of which are contained in the book, one gets some notion of the tremendous talent, time and effort involved in attempting to find an even relatively fair jury.

Given the present social context, the realistic target could hardly have been a jury truly free of racism. Rather the goal had to be to get as many of the 12 jurors as possible able at least to recognize their racial attitudes and to make a conscious and conscientious effort to guard against the effect of these attitudes on their decision. A section of the book by sociologist Robert Blauner, who sat with the defense team throughout the Newton trial, spells this out very cogently. Blauner makes two points that trial lawyers should bear in mind in all cases involving black de-

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fendants: "The least racist person would not deny racial prejudice . . ." and, "To effectively combat racism, a white person should not see blacks as 'invisible' . . ." The white juror who denies racial prejudice and repeats (however sincerely) the platitudes of equality is the most likely to possess an unconscious and unmanageable set of racist attitudes.

Garry's *voir dire* questions, and the jurors' answers, make it clear how much trial work is an art rather than a science. The lawyer, without the aid of truth serum or ink blots, his questions restricted by legal rules and the judge's discretion, must divine hidden attitudes of strangers. He depends on intuition and hopes for inspiration.

The insight and skill revealed in this book will aid lawyers and their clients and will intrigue and educate the general reader. Its real lesson is that the ancient call of the prophet Amos is a vital (if unlikely) imperative in America today. Justice must rise up as a mighty river—where now the painful art of Charles Garry ekes it out drop by drop.

—MALCOLM BURNSTEIN

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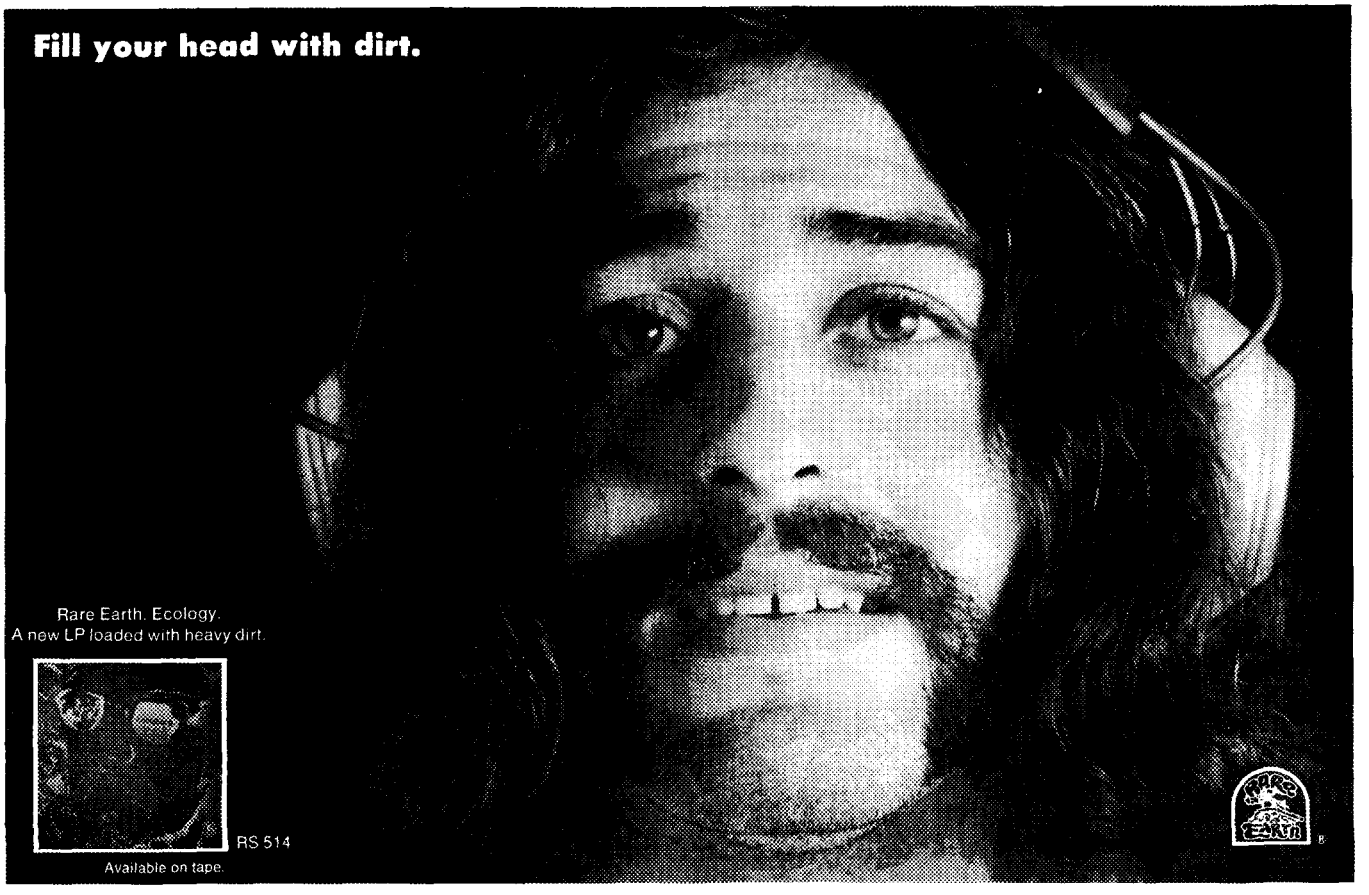

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Records:

ELLY STONE — *Columbia CS 9960. (Song texts included.)*

THIS RECORD IS A multidimensional portrait of a New York singer largely identified with the songs of Jacques Brel. Elly Stone was one of four vocalists on the "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" cast album, issued two years ago by Columbia and a steady seller today. Two of her songs from that show, "Old Folks" and "Carousels," are repeated on this disc, which offers a fair sampling of Stone's limited but fascinating repertory.

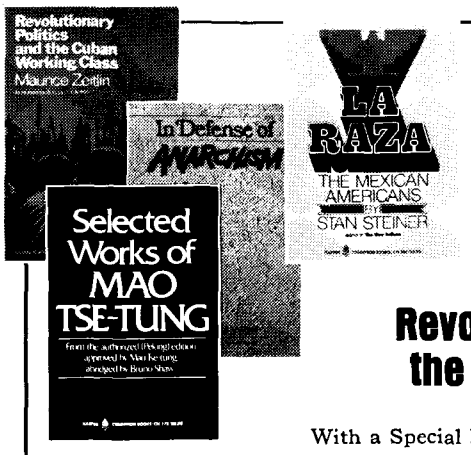
She is a phenomenon among performers because she confines her singing to songs with words by Eric Blau, her husband, mentor and catalyst. Fortunately for Stone, Blau has a good ear and a deft, lean style. When he has a Brel melody to sustain his work, the results are often *lieder* in English—art songs that reflect the agony of contemporary life in an easily absorbed musical vein. Blau can work almost as well with other composers, but *his* catalysts are clearly Brel and Elly Stone. It is a neat circle with at least one precedent —the Kurt Weill-Lotte Lenya Weill-Bertolt Brecht collaboration.

The Blaus are angry in a number of the lyrics on this disc, sickened, as many writers and singers have been, by the war in Vietnam, the racial hypocrisy of the Nixon Administration and the bitter taste of Kent. Yet their anger is civilized and subtle, as in "Mea Culpa" when Stone sings that "the transplanted heart's in season, and the mind which has no reason begs for oxygen of feeling, at least some pain, some agony, to prove that I am living." This is sung to a pell-mell rushing sort of *sprechstimme*. In Mort Shuman's "Something Wicked," her voice blisters one's insulation: "Don't watch the street, because you'll see it all . . ."

ELLY STONE'S position on the popular scene is not an easy one to define. There is an aristocratic touch to her singing that is quite welcome (to my ears)—she is a trained musician of impeccable taste, using her bright, intense soprano with a thorough knowledge of what it can and cannot do.

Excessive polish and aesthetic posturing can be the kiss of death in popular music, particularly when opera singers go slumming (always excepting Eileen Farrell). Elly Stone avoids this sort of precious narcissism by igniting what she sings with unbelievable incandescence. No one denies the impact of a heavy rock performer turned on, but it is extraordinary to find a similar passion in a voice that burns "right on" notes, beat and pitch. When I saw Stone perform at a recent concert in Toronto, fire went out from the diminutive, frocked singer behind the microphone.

Until a video cassette can supply what is missing, we must settle for the half-shell. If the Blaus can sustain their present level of collaboration on future albums, working with Brel and other talented associates, they may give a



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new dimension to popular music. So far, they have shown that English can be sung with staggering power and grace. The initial response to Elly Stone's solo program suggests that literate audiences exist far from her home base, the xenophobic crucible of New York, and that not all of the American young have had their sensitivity deafened by hard rock. This is more than anyone else has done, and one wishes them well.

Meantime, on this nearly flawless disc, Stone is making waves that are going to hit the bleak shoals of contemporary music with the impact of *tsunami*. Go down to the beach and watch it happen.

—ROBERT COURTNEY

Letters:

[PANTHERS]

EDITORS: America! America! Why are the Black Panthers being systematically murdered and jailed, while white racist

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Daniel Schorr
Introduction By Senator Edward Kennedy
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Introduction By Senator Gaylord Nelson
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. . . the "talkers": angry victims of automotive blight.

. . . the "buyers": consumers with a deadly conflict of interest.

Mr. Ayres, who is engaged in studies of urban and environmental problems, reveals the frightening extent to which the American has become a slave to his car. People eat, listen to music, watch movies, make love, sleep, cash checks, mail letters, and even have babies in cars. Institutions conforming to our car-oriented society range from drive-in restaurants, drive-in movies, and drive-in banks to drive-in funeral parlors. Is it true that the automobile has actually become America's "sacred cow?"

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groups such as the Ku Klux Klan and American Nazi Party are allowed to intimidate and murder throughout the nation? Our judicial system is a mockery of human justice. Murderers of civil rights activists have been (and are still being) acquitted, while Panthers are being murdered in their sleep or, if lucky, herded off to jail to rot in imposed silence. Now I know how the Jewish citizen of Hitler's era must have felt when learning that his Jewish neighbor had been dragged off to Dachau the previous night.

White America is less terrified over proposed tactics by the Panthers than it is over the fact that black men now openly abhor and detest crimes upon their blackness and are struggling to shatter the psychological chains of defeatism. Moreover, the white man has historically feared black success. With a subtle egomania, whites hate black progress or its potentiality, inasmuch as it annihilates all the archaic ideas and social naivete concerning white superiority/black inferiority concepts. Racism is a quality of "ego fulfillment."

Americans hated Dr. Martin Luther King just as much as—in fact, more than—they hate Eldrigde Cleaver, because King represented the contradiction between American democracy and white racism. And like King, Cleaver will be murdered by America because he has a sense of black manhood and selfhood.

The land of democracy is becoming a fascist nation. Big-city Gestapo patrolling the ghetto proletariat is no different from the southern "head-beaters" who indiscreetly employ police-dog and firehose tactics against any conscious black person moving for his rights as a human being.

JAMES W. BROWN
APO SF 96374

[ECOLOGY]

EDITORS: The editorial in your Ecology issue [May 1970] was superb! So was the cover. Right on!

SHEILA KAPLAN
Madison, Wisconsin

[OPPORTUNITY LOST]

GENTLEMEN: Kindly disregard this subscription, at the time Mr. Broom subscribed for this magazine, he was a patient in a metal [sic] institution. Returning your billing of the amount of $5.95.

FROM A SUBSCRIBER

[NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD]

EDITORS: For more than 30 years there has been a national organization that has, without fanfare, worked for and with all groups that are striving for a society in the United States that more adequately meets the needs of its people. Members of the National Lawyers Guild have provided legal defense for nearly all critical political trials during that 30-year period. The most recent include Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Reies Tijerina, Benjamin Spock, the Oakland Seven and Chicago Eight (now Ten). The NLG and its members developed materials on techniques and draft cases, tenant union problems and many other Movement-oriented legal-political issues. It was the pioneer in legal defense of the civil rights activists of the 1960s.

With the people intensifying their struggles and with repression increasing at an alarming rate, the need for a strong Lawyers Guild is critical.

The 1970 Guild Convention recently approved a program which included the following: a national Legal Defense Committee which will provide the best means for a coordinated legal response to governmental attack upon movements for social change; the establishment of new Guild chapters; and the creation of permanent Guild regional offices across the country, where young lawyers can provide legal assistance to those engaged in the struggle and where the Guild can organize and train lawyers and law students to meet the ever increasing demands for political-legal skills.

The National Lawyers Guild urgently needs funds to carry out this program. Guild lawyers give heavily of their time, skills and money. Our own resources are inadequate to the magnitude of the task involved. You must help. Send contributions large and small to: National Lawyers Guild, 1 Hudson St., New York, N.Y. 10013.

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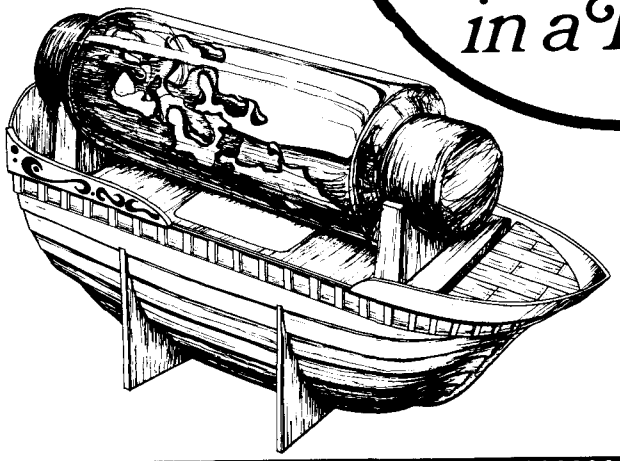

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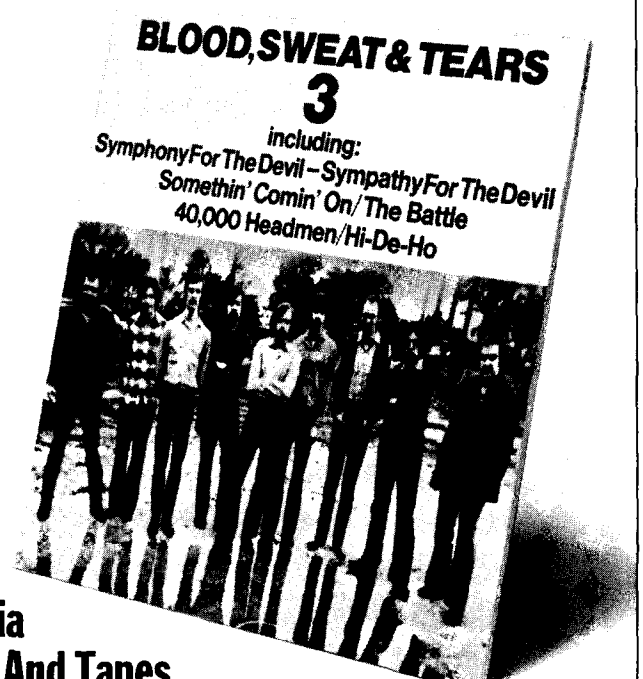
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[THE TRIAL]

EDITORS: I found the concluding parts of Tom Hayden's *The Trial* simply amazing! For all his experience in the Movement, to have such an unhistorical view of revolutionary change! (Please, Tom. The U.S. is not South Vietnam, Cuba, China; it's old Russia, it's Germany, it's France. It's got to be the massive upsurge; it's just not going to be a protracted war of national liberation.) RAMPARTS owes it to its readers —especially its young, impressionable ones—and to the second American revolution, to seek and print a criticism of the Hayden thesis.

HERMAN M. HEYN
Baltimore, Maryland

EDITORS: It is because Tom Hayden is a member of the Chicago "Conspiracy" and a founder of SDS that publication of *The Trial* must be considered seriously. After reading it, I flipped to the prefacing editorial expecting to find some skeptical criticism. Instead one finds it identified as a primer for revolution for "those who see themselves as revolutionists."

In my opinion, it is a blueprint for the continuation of all that is wrong with the Movement now. It is a formula for destruction of a good part of the left, and it will keep "those only now moving from the sidelines of history to active, outraged opposition" on the sidelines to which Mr. Hayden should retire to do the homework he has neglected in the past decade.

The Chicago trial must be put in perspective. Nobody's "life style" was on trial. The defendants were a mixed bag for the purpose of identifying the peace-student-radical-intellectual revolutionary movement with the drug culture and sexual libertarianism. The managed press made sure the connection was established in the minds of many Americans. Too many people had been upset with what they saw on TV in August of 1968; the government had to make a try at blaming it on the freaks.

Bobby Seale was the only defendant whose politics were on trial because, as far as one can ascertain, the other seven do not espouse much more than varying shades of left liberalism. Fortunately, Bobby Seale disengaged himself from it.

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To Mr. Hayden's assertion that the seven could do nothing to prevent Bobby's sentence, contrast William Kunstler's remarks in a speech made in Pennsauken, New Jersey, on June 11. He stated that there had been much discussion among the seven about the possibilities of taking action. He admitted that there should have been ten bound and gagged men in the court; the seven and their lawyers might have made it impossible to continue the trial, but as Kunstler concluded, "We were white and we chickened out . . ."

Hayden proclaims that "youth is more important than economic class in analyzing the American struggle. Youth of all classes bear the burdens of the expanding empire." Does he really mean that there are just as many sons of the rich and the middle class in the service as there are working-class kids, black and white? Just as many unemployed? The rich do not go to war, do not pay taxes, do not accept the values designed for the other classes . . .

The free territories Hayden proposes already exist. They are permitted to exist in the hope that our budding revolutionaries will take refuge there and stay out of the arenas of real revolutionary potential—working-class community groups, trade unions and grass-roots political movements. Speeded up urban renewal and police repression only occur when the ruling class decides they will lose the support of the taxpayers unless they clear out the attendant nuisance linked to such free territories—additional welfare, panhandling, drugs. It also gives the Establishment the appearance of fearing the refuge-seekers as potent enemies. That trick plays on the rebellious imagination of youth and draws more of them into the dead-end world.

It is interesting that Mr. Hayden wants drugs in the free territories. [Yet] he claims he is united with the Black Panthers, who are making enormous efforts in their own communities to eliminate the culture of drugs, which they view as one of the tools of capitalist control.

Does Tom Hayden doubt the response of America to the launching of real challenges from these territories? Reagan would like to trash Isla Vista and Berkeley now. What is Mr. Hayden's plan for the defense of these communities? After the Chicago trial, one suspects the ruling class might only have to dispatch one member of the civil disobedience squad for each seven residents. As communal living has been disastrous for the Panthers, so would it be for other revolutionaries.

We need, instead, to encourage developing revolutionaries to move among the people and wage many struggles against the war, repression,

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unemployment, taxes, pollution, impending strike-breaking, oppression of women. Young radicals must learn to communicate with the broad mass of people to radicalize them, teach them revolutionary self-interest, and make them aware of their responsibility to help the peoples of the world in their struggle against the terror of imperial America.

No group that has contempt for average working people can be a "resource" for the revolution. Hayden's contemptuous tone is unmistakable in the following remarks about the Chicago jury: " . . .Edward Kratzke, whose wife welcomed him home from sequestration with oxtail soup and a new color TV set . . ." or "A computer operator from tiny Escanaba, Michigan, she knew no blacks . . ." Contrast this with the regard for all the people, Chicago jurors included, Bobby Seale demonstrates in *Seize the Time*. [See RAMPARTS, June 1970]

The remarks and attitudes of Hayden and others like him are not lost on average people in this country. It is no surprise that we have a minority who are willing to let war on youth proceed—some, like the hard-hats' henchmen, even willing to wage it.

Hayden speaks of work as play in the free territories. Only one who has not worked and not associated with those who do could speak so casually of work as play. To those who experience the eight-hour, humdrum day, work is not play and never will be.

The serious left must make an appraisal about the effects of the Hoffmans, Rubins and Haydens . . .

When this free-expression elite was just engaged in media performances and issuing statements, one could grant that they had a place in the America of the Sixties. If they intend, in the Seventies, to pass themselves off as revolutionary theoreticians, strong polemics are in order, and soon.

RENA QUINN
Haddonfield, New Jersey

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: I just read the July issue. All I can say is far fucking out! You've reinforced my conviction that it is necessary to move ahead into communes as a revolutionary base — so that is what my wife and I and some friends are doing.

DWAYNE WARD
Syracuse, New York

[PUERTO RICO]

EDITORS: I wish to thank you for Michael Meyerson's article, "Puerto Rico: Our Backyard Colony," published in the June 1970 edition of your very influential magazine.

I am sure that a great deal of the people in the United States who will read the article will discover, for the first time in their lives, that in Puerto Rico, the United States as a nation has a dangerous and important problem in its lap that will explode when least expected. As you perhaps know, the commercial press in this country has always tried to hide the Puerto Rican problem from public knowledge. I truly hope that your article will help to open the doors of the closet, so that the people may see the skeleton that lies behind them. Once more, thank you.

J. A. GONZÁLEZ-GONZÁLEZ
Permanent Delegate,
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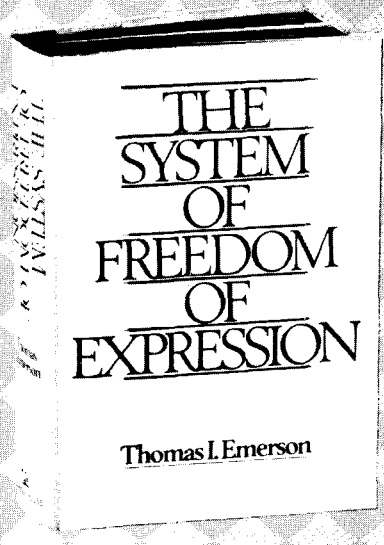

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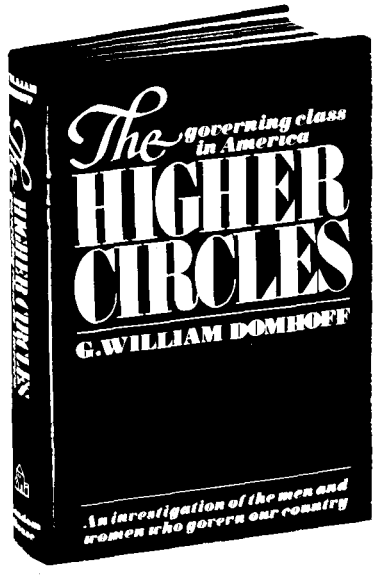
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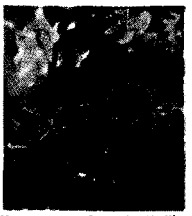
276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Blues and greens. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The immortal bouquet in full color. 20"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**

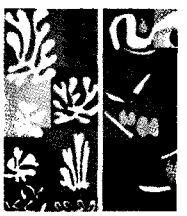


234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Stormy blues & greens. Fabled Spanish city. 20"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

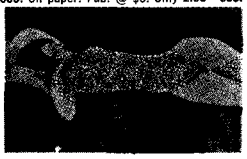
204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF GIRL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Shades of red; black lines. 18"x24". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
110. On paper. Only **2.98**

350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen on **canvas** in rich tones of golden brown. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
588. On paper. Only **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Soft blues and grays with black lines. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
186. On paper. Only **2.98**



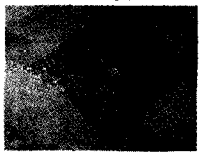
280. PAIR OF MATISSE MUR Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Brilliant contemporary mur in full color. Each 13"x28". Pub. @ $18. The Pair 6
505. On paper. The Pair 3



260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of the senuous figure study. Glowing flesh tones on flaming red background. Modigliani's loveliest lady in reposa. One of the famous artist's most renown works. 16"x25". Pub. @ $18. Only **5.95**

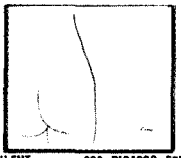
369. MATISSE. THE LEAVES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Bright blue green brown red orange & black. 24"x30". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**

365. RUBENS. HEAD OF A NEGRO. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Mellow golds & browns. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**



325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Delicate lithograph on **artist canvas.** Bathing figure depicted in pale translucent sunlight colors. A classic from the Metropolitan Museum. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

587. THE SILENT MAJORITY. Arlington Cemetery. Lithograph on fine art paper. Exciting full color. 22"x30". Only **2.98**



308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of amusing drawing. Black on white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only **2.98**

265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Full color impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of bright flowers. 18"x24". Pub. @ $25. Only **7.95**

300. PICASSO. CORRI DES TOROS. Silkscree **artist canvas.** The epi splendor of the bullfi in brilliant color. 20" Pub. @ $15. Only **5.9**

367. MILLET. THE ANGELUS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** From the Louvre. Faithfully reproduced in the true colors. A serene *homage to man's inner strength.* 20"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** *The magnificent feline in* golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
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314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** *Powerful protest by the* great Mexican artist. Full vibrant color. 18"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

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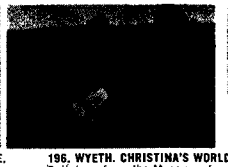

196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype from the Museum of *Modern Art on fine art paper.* Girl in open field of grass in harvest colors. Classic American Art. 28"x40". Only **7.50**

371. WAR'S NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN & OTHER LIVING THINGS. *Silkscreen on* **artist canvas.** *Sparkling* red, yellow & magenta. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
610. On paper. Only **2.98**

316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** *Soft* drawing in grays and blacks. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **4.95**

282. HUG. THE CAT Lithograph on **artist can** *The beautiful Siamese ir* golden shades of brown, yellow. 22"x28". Only
508. On paper. Only

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. *Silkscreen* on **artist canvas.** Bold jungle colors featuring strong greens clear yellow & sun orange. 20"x28". Pub. @ $23. Only **7.95**

343. HUG. CHEETAH. *Lithograph on artist* **canvas.** In shades of brown, yellow & tan. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
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254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in lovely shades of purple lavender & blue. Impressionist masterpiece. 22"x22" Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

386. LOVE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** *A many splendored* poster. Two happy hearts in red, orange & yellow with 2240 giddy dots. 22"x32". Pub. @ $10. Only **4.95**
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523. On paper. Only **2.98**

317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. *Silkscreen on* **artist canvas.** Beautiful abstract master work in various shades of blue on white. 20"x25". Pub. @ $20. Only **9.95**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. *Lithograph on artist canvas.* The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
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217. KLEE. THE LONELY O *A whimsical color fantasy* Contemporary silkscreen **artist canvas.** 20"x28". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.**
147. On paper. Only **2.**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN A GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Browns, golds & black. 20"x27". Pub. @ $10. Only **5.95**

261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Stirring tribute to the Man of La Mancha in black & white. 18"x24". Only **2.98**

344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Shades of brown, tan & yellow on red background. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
576. On paper. Only **2.98**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen **artist canvas.** Vibrant palette of yellows greens & browns. 20"x26". Pub. @ $17. Only **6.95**

299. DAUMIER. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscr. on **canvas.** Magnificent full color. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

279. FRAGONARD. YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in all the lovely sunlight colors of the famed original. 20"x26". Pub. $17. Only **6.95**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Silksc. on **canvas.** Browns. golds & yellows. 20"x32". Pub. @ 15. Only **5.95**
518. On paper. **2.98**

198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR — AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen on paper. Daygio red & black. 25"x38". A classic poster. Special **4.95**

318. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen **canvas** in full color. 14"x33". Only **5.95**
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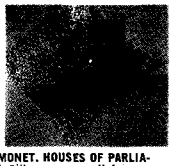
271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NI Silkscreen on **artist canvas** Spectacular cypress trees against swirling starlit sky Blues, greens & purples. 18"x24". Pub. $35. Only **9.**

269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** French impressionist masterpiece. A panoply of subdued marine colors. 18"x27". Pub. @ $25. Only **6.95**

565. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Caustic lithograph on fine coated paper in stark black & white. A dynamic & topical poster. 22"x25". Only **1.98**



270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in full color. View from London Bridge overlooking the Thames. 20"x22". Pub. @ $20. Only **$6.95**

150. MUSIC MANUSCRIPT WITH ASTROLOGERS. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Black script & soft pastel colors. 20"x30". Special **3.95**

607. MAKE A COMMITMENT. Silkscreen on fine art paper. Brilliant dayglo yellow, pink, green, orange, blue & purple on black background. 23"x35". Pub. @ $10 Only **3.95**

313. PICASSO. DANCE OF PEACE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** A color carousel. 20"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**

315. RYER. THE WRESTLERS. Original silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Truly exciting in creams, bronze, avocado & gray. 20"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
539. On paper. Only **2.98**

366. MILLET. THE GLEANI Lithograph on **artist canv** A moving French masterp from the Louvre in glorio harvest colors. 18"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **5.95**

252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Cubist masterpiece in strong & muted colors. 22"x24". Pub. @ $18. Only **5.95**

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528. BEN SHAHN. POSTER. Black & brown on fine white paper. 30"x45". Special **3.95**

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